TREASURE ROOM

Accessions
151. 643

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THE FATALL DOVVRY: A TRAGEDY.

As it hath beene often Acted at the Priuate House in Blackefryers, by his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by P. M. and N. F.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN NORTON, for FRANCIS CONSTABLE, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Crane*, in *Paals Church-yard*. 1632.

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May 1873

Charalois.
Romont.
Charni.
Nouall Sen.
Liladam.
Du Troy.
Rochfort.
Baumont.
Pontalier.
Malotin.
Beaumelle.

Florimel.
Bellapert.
Aymer.
Nouall Iun.
Aduocates.
Creditors
Officers.
Prieſt.
Taylor.
Barber.
Perfumer.

First Song.

Fie, ceaſe to wonder;
Though you heare Orpheus *with his luory Lute,*
Moue Trees and Rockes,
Charme Buls, Beares, and men more ſauage to be mute,
Weake fooliſh ſinger, here is one,
Would haue transform'd thy ſelfe, to ſtone.

Second Song.

A Dialogue betweene *Nouall, and Beaumelle.*

Man.

SEt Phœbus, *ſet, a fayrer ſunne doth riſe,*
From the bright Radience of my Mrs. *eyes then euer*
I dare not looke, each haire a golden line, (thou begat'ſt.
Each word a hooke,
The more I ſtriue, the more ſtill I am tooke.

Wom.

Fayre ſeruant, come, the day theſe eyes doe lend
To warme thy blood, thou doeſt ſo vainely ſpend.
Come ſtrangled breath.

Man.

What noate ſo ſweet as this,
That cals the ſpirits to a further bliſſe?

Wom.

Yet this out-ſauours wine, and this Perfume.

Man.

Let's die, I languiſh, I conſume.

Citi-

Cittizens Song of the Courtier.

Courtier, if thou needs wilt wiue,
From this leſſon learne to thriue.
If thou match a Lady, that paſſes thee in birth and (ſtate,
Let her curious garments be
Twice aboue thine owne degree;
This will draw great eyes vpon her,
Get her ſernants and thee honour.

Courtiers Song of the Citizen.

Poore Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learne of me;
To ſet thy wife firſt in thy ſhop,
A faire wife, a kinde wife, a ſweet wife, ſets a poore man (vp.
What though thy ſhelues be ne're ſo bare:
A woman ſtill is currant ware:
Each man will cheapen, foe, and friend,
But whilſt thou art at tother end,
What ere thou ſeeſt, or what doſt heare,
Foole, haue no eye to, nor an eare;
And after ſupper for her ſake,
When thou haſt fed, ſnort, though thou wake:
What though the Gallants call thee mome?
Yet with thy lanthorne light her home:
Then looke into the towne and tell,
If no ſuch Tradeſmen there doe dwell.

The Fatall Dowry:

A Tragedy.

Act. primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Charaloyes *with a paper*, Romont, Charmi.

Charmi.

SIR, I may moue the Court to ſerue your will,
But therein ſhall both wrong you and my ſelfe,
Rom. Why thinke you ſo ſir?
Charmi. 'Cauſe I am familiar
With what will be their anſwere: they will ſay,
Tis againſt law, and argue me of Ignorance
For offering them the motion.
Rom. You know not, Sir,
How in this cauſe they may diſpence with Law,
And therefore frame not you their anſwere for them,
But doe your parts.
Charmi. I loue the cauſe ſo well,
As I could runne, the hazard of a checke for't.
Rom. From whom?

Charmi. Some of the bench, that watch to giue it,
More then to doe the office that they sit for:
But giue me (sir) my fee.

Rom. Now you are Noble.

Charmi. I shall deserue this better yet, in giuing
My Lord some counsell, (if he please to heare it)
Then I shall doe with pleading.

Rom. What may it be, sir? (dents,

Charmi. That it would please his Lordship, as the Presi-
And Counsaylors of Court come by, to stand
Heere, and but shew your selfe, and to some one
Or two, make his request: there is a minute
When a mans presence speakes in his owne cause,
More then the tongues of twenty aduocates.

Rom. I haue vrg'd that.

Enter Rochfort: *Du Croye.*

Charmi. Their Lordships here are comming,
I must goe get me a place, you'l finde me in Court,
And at your seruice. *Exit Charmi.*

Rom. Now put on your Spirits.

Du Croy. The ease that you prepare your selfe, my Lord,
In giuing vp the place you hold in Court,
Will proue (I feare) a trouble in the State,
And that no slight one.

Roch. Pray you sir, no more.

Rom. Now sir, lose not this offerd meanes: their lookes
Fixt on you, with a pittying earnestnesse,
Inuite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpose. —— This such a dulnesse
So foolish and vntimely as ——

Du. Croy. You know him.

Roch. I doe, and much lament the sudden fall
Of his braue house. It is young *Charloyes.*
Sonne to the Marshall, from whom he inherits
His fame and vertues onely.

Rom. Ha, they name you.

Du. Croye. His father died in prison two daies since.

Roch.

Roch. Yes, to the shame of this vngratefull State;
That such a Master in the art of warre,
So noble, and so highly meriting,
From this forgetfull Country, should, for want
Of meanes to satisfie his creditors,
The summes he tooke vp for the generall good;
Meet with an end so infamous.

Rom. Dare you euer hope for like oportunity?

Du Croye. My good Lord!

Roch. My wish bring comfort to you.

Du Croye. The time calls vs.

Roch. Good morrow Colonell.

Exeunt Roch. Du Croye.

Rom. This obstinate spleene,
You thinke becomes your sorrow, and sorts wel
With your blacke suits: but grant me wit, or iudgement,
And by the freedome of an honest man,
And a true friend to boote, I sweare 'tis shamefull.
And therefore flatter not your selfe with hope,
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloake,
No though the ribons helpe, haue power to worke 'em
To what you would: for those that had no eyes,
To see the great acts of your father, will not,
From any fashion sorrow can put on,
Bee taught to know their duties.

Char. If they will not,
They are too old to learne, and I too young
To giue them counsell, since if they partake
The vnderstanding, and the hearts of men,
They will preuent my words and teares: if not,
What can perswasion, though made eloquent
With griefe, worke vpon such as haue chang'd natures
With the most sauage beast? Blest, blest be euer
The memory of that happy age, when iustice
Had no gards to keepe off wrongd innocence,
From flying to her succours, and in that
Assurance of redresse: where now (*Rom.*)

The damnd, with more eaſe may aſcend from Hell,
Then we ariue at her. One Cerberus there
Forbids the paſſage, in our Courts a thouſand,
As lowd, and fertyle headed, and the Client
That wants the ſops, to fill their rauenous throats,
Muſt hope for no acceſſe: why ſhould I then
Attempt impoſſibilities: you friend, being
Too well acquainted with my dearth of meanes,
To make my entrance that way?

Rom. Would I were not.
But Sir, you haue a cauſe, a cauſe ſo iuſt,
Of ſuch neceſſitie, not to be deferd,
As would compell a mayde, whoſe foot was neuer
Set ore her fathers threſhold, nor within
The houſe where ſhe was borne, euer ſpake word,
Which was not vſhered with pure virgin bluſhes,
To drowne the tempeſt of a pleaders tongue,
And force corruption to giue backe the hire
It tooke againſt her: let examples moue you,
You ſee great men in birth, eſteeme and fortune,
Rather then loſe a ſcruple of their right,
Fawne baſely vpon ſuch, whoſe gownes put off,
They would diſdaine for Seruants.

Char. And to theſe can I become a ſuytor?

Rom. Without loſſe,
Would you conſider, that to gaine their fauors,
Our chaſteſt dames put off their modeſties,
Soldiers forget their honors, vſurers
Make ſacrifice of Gold, poets of wit,
And men religious, part with fame, and goodneſſe?
Be therfore wonne to vſe the meanes, that may
Aduance your pious ends.

Char. You ſhall orecome.

Rom. And you receiue the glory: pray you now practiſe.
'Tis well. *Enter Old Nouall, Liladam,*
Char. Not looke on me! *& 3 Creditors.*
Rom. You muſt haue patience —— Offer't againe.

Char.

Char. And be againe contemn'd?
Non. I know whats to be done.
1 *Cred.* And that your Lordship
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer, first
Our thankefull hearts heere, as a bounteous earnest
To what we will adde
Non. One word more of this
I am your enemie. Am I a man
Your bribes can worke on? ha?
Lilad. Friends, you mistake
The way to winne my Lord, he must not heare this,
But I, as one in fauour, in his sight,
May harken to you for my profit. Sir,
I pray heare em.
Non. Tis well.
Lilad. Obserue him now.
Non. Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,
Without corruption; I am your friend,
Speake your desires.
2 *Cred.* Oh, they are charitable,
The Marshall stood ingag'd vnto vs three,
Two hundred thousand crownes, which by his death
We are defeated of. For which great losse
We ayme at nothing but his rotten flesh,
Nor is that cruelty.
1 *Cred.* I haue a sonne,
That talkes of nothing but of Gunnes and Armors;
And sweares hee'll be a soldier, tis an humor
I would diuert him from, and I am told
That if I minister to him in his drinke
Powder, made of this banquerout Marshalls bones,
Prouided that the carcase rot aboue ground,
'T will cure his foolish frensie.
Non. You shew in it
A fathers care. I haue a sonne my selfe,
A fashionable Gentleman and a peaceful:

And but I am assur'd he's not so giuen,
He should take of it too. Sir, what are you?
Char. A Gentleman.
Nou. So are many that rake dunghills.
If you haue any suit, moue it in Court.
I take no papers in corners.
Rom. Yes as the matter may be carried, and hereby
To mannage the conuayance—— Follow him.
Lil. You are rude, I say, he shall not passe. *Exit Nouall.*
Rom. You say so. *Char: and Aduocates.*
On what assurance?
For the well cutting of his Lordships cornes,
Picking his toes, or any office else
Neerer to baseneſſe!
Lil. Looke vpon mee better,
Are these the ensignes of so coorse a fellow?
Be well aduis'd.
Rom. Out, rogue, do not I know, (*Kicks him*)
These glorious weedes spring from the sordid dunghill
Of thy officious baseneſſe? wert thou worthy
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,
I would do more then this, more, you Court-spider.
Lil. But that this man is lawleſſe; he should find
that I am valiant.
1 *Cred.* If your eares are fast,
Tis nothing. Whats a blow or two? as much——
2 *Cred.* These chastisements, as vsefull are as frequent
To such as would grow rich.
Rom. Are they so Rascals? I wil be-friend you then.
1 *Cred.* Beare witneſſe, Sirs.
Lil. Truth, I haue borne my part already, friends.
In the Court you shall haue more. *Exit.*
Rom. I know you for
The worst of spirits, that striue to rob the tombes
Of what is their inheritance, from the dead.
For vsurers, bred by a riotous peace:
That hold the Charter of your wealth & freedome,

By being Knaues and Cuckolds that ne're prayd,
But when you feare the rich heires will grow wise,
To keepe their Lands out of your parchment toyles;
And then, the Diuell your father's cald vpon,
To inuent some wayes of *Luxury* ne're thought on.
Be gone, and quickly, or Ile leaue no roome
Vpon your forhead for your hornes to sprowt on,
Without a murmure, or I will vndoe you;
For I will beate you honest.

1 *Cred.* Thrift forbid.
We will beare this, rather then hazard that. *Ex: Creditor.*

Enter Charloyes.

Rom. I am some-what eas'd in this yet.
Char (Onely friend)
To what vaine purpose do I make my sorrow,
Wayte on the triumph of their cruelty?
Or teach their pride from my humilitie,
To thinke it has orecome? They are determin'd
What they will do: and it may well become me,
To robbe them of the glory they expect
From my submisse intreaties,

Rom. Thinke not so, Sir,
The difficulties that you incounter with,
Will crowne the vndertaking ——— Heauen! you weepe:
And I could do so too, but that I know,
Theres more expected from the sonne and friend
Of him, whose fatall losse now shakes our natures,
Then sighs, or teares, (in which a village nurse
Or cunning strumpet, when her knaue is hangd,
May ouercome vs.) We are men (young Lord)
Let vs not do like women. To the Court,
And there speake like your birth: wake sleeping iustice,
Or dare the Axe. This is a way will sort
With what you are. I call you not to that
I will shrinke from my selfe, I will deserue
Your thankes, or suffer with you—O how bravely
That sudden fire of anger shewes in you!

Giue

Giue fuell to it, since you are on a shelfe,
Of extreme danger suffer like your selfe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Rochfort, Nouall Se. Charmi. Du Croye, Aduocates, Baumont, and Officers, and 3. Presidents.

Du Croye. Your Lordship's seated. May this meeting proue prosperous to vs, and to the generall good of *Burgundy*.

Nou. Se. Speake to the poynt.

Du Croy. Which is,
With honour to dispose the place and power
Of primier President, which this reuerent man
Graue *Rochfort*, (whom for honours sake I name)
Is purpos'd to resigne a place, my Lords,
In which he hath with such integrity,
Perform'd the first and best parts of a Iudge,
That as his life transcends all faire examples
Of such as were before him in *Dijon*,
So it remaines to those that shall succeed him,
A President they may imitate, but not equall.

Roch. I may not sit to heare this.

Du Croy. Let the loue
And thankfulnes we are bound to pay to goodnesse,
In this o'recome your modestie.

Roch. My thankes
For this great fauour shall preuent your trouble.
The honourable trust that was impos'd
Vpon my weakenesse, since you witnesse for me,
It was not ill discharg'd, I will not mention,
Nor now, if age had not depriu'd me of
The little strength I had to gouerne well,
The Prouince that I vnder tooke, forsake it.

Nou. That we could lend you of our yeeres.

Du Croy. Or strength.

Nou. Or as you are, perswade you to continue
The noble exercise of your knowing iudgement.

Roch. That may not be, nor can your Lordships goodnes,

Since

Since your imployments haue confer'd vpon me
Sufficient wealth, deny the vse of it,
And though old age, when one foot's in the graue,
In many, when all humors else are spent
Feeds no affection in them, but desire
To adde height to the mountaine of their riches:
In me it is not so, I rest content
With the honours, and estate I now possesse,
And that I may haue liberty to vse,
What Heauen still blessing my poore industry,
Hath made me Master of: I pray the Court
To ease me of my burthen, that I may
Employ the small remainder of my life,
In liuing well, and learning how to dye so.

Enter Romont, and Charalois.

Rom. See sir, our Aduocate.

Du Croy. The Court intreats,
Your Lordship will be pleasd to name the man,
Which you would haue your successor, and in me,
All promise to confirme it.

Roch. I embrace it,
As an assurance of their fauour to me,
And name my Lord *Nouall.*

Du Croy. The Court allows it.

Roch. But there are suters waite heere, and their causes
May be of more necessity to be heard,
And therefore wish that mine may be defer'd,
And theirs haue hearing.

Du Croy. If your Lordship please
To take the place, we will proceed.

Charm. The cause
We come to offer to your Lordships censure,
Is in it selfe so noble, that it needs not
Or Rhetorique in me that plead, or fauour
From your graue Lordships, to determine of it,
Since to the prayse of your impartiall iustice
(Which guilty, nay condemn'd men, dare not scandall)

It will erect a trophy of your mercy
VVith married to that Iustice.
Non.Se. Speake to the cause.
Charm. I will, my Lord: to say, the late dead Marshall
The father of this young Lord heere, my Clyent,
Hath done his Country great and faithfull seruice,
Might taske me of impertinence to repeate,
What your graue Lordships cannot but remember,
He in his life, become indebted to
These thriftie men, I will not wrong their credits,
By giuing them the attributes they now merit,
And sayling by the fortune of the warres,
Of meanes to free himselfe, from his ingagements,
He was arrested, and for want of bayle
Imprisond at their suite, and not long after
VVith losse of liberty ended his life.
And though it be a *Maxime* in our Lawes,
All suites dye with the person, these mens malice
In death find matter for their hate to worke on,
Denying him the decent Rytes of buriall,
VVhich the sworne enemies of the Christian faith
Grant freely to their slaues: may it therefore please
Your Lordships, so to fashion your decree,
That what their crueltie doth forbid, your pittie
May giue allowance to.
Non.Se. How long haue you Sir practis'd in Court?
Charm. Some twenty yeeres, my Lord.
Non.Se. By your grosse ignorance it should appeare,
Not twentie dayes.
Charmi. I hope I haue giuen no cause in this, my Lord.
Non.Se. How dare you moue the Court,
To the dispensing with an Act confirmd
By Parlament, to the terror of all banquerouts?
Go home, and with more care peruse the Statutes:
Or the next motion sauoring of this boldnesse,
May force you to leape (against your will)
Ouer the place you plead at.

Charmi.

Carmi. I foreſaw this.

Rom. Why does your Lordſhip thinke, the mouing of
A cauſe more honeſt then this Court had euer
The honor to determine, can deſerue
A checke like this?

Nou. Se. Strange boldnes!

Rom. Tis fit freedome:
Or do you conclude, an aduocate cannot hold
His credit with the Iudge, vnleſſe he ſtudy
His face more then the cauſe for which he pleades?

Charmi. Forbeare.

Rom. Or cannot you, that haue the power
To qualifie the rigour of the Lawes
When you are pleaſed, take a little from
The ſtrictneſſe of your ſowre decrees, enacted
In fauor of the greedy creditors
Againſt the orethrowne debter?

Nou. Se. Sirra, you that prate
Thus ſawcily, what are you?

Rom. Why Ile tell you,
Thou purple-colour'd man, I am one to whom
Thou oweſt the meanes thou haſt of ſitting there
A corrupt Elder.

Charmi. Forbeare.

Rom. The noſe thou wear'ſt, is my gift, and thoſe eyes,
That meete no obiect ſo baſe as their Maſter,
Had bin, long ſince, torne from that guiltie head,
And thou thy ſelfe ſlaue to ſome needy Swiſſe,
Had I not worne a ſword, and vs'd it better
Then in thy prayers thou ere didſt thy tongue.

Nou. Se. Shall ſuch an Inſolence paſſe vnpuniſht?

Charmi. Heare mee.

Rom. Yet I, that in my ſeruice done my Country,
Diſdaine to bee put in the ſcale with thee,
Confeſſe my ſelfe vnworthy to bee valued
With the leaſt part, nay haire of the dead Marſhall,
Of whoſe ſo many glorious vndertakings,

Make choice of any one, and that the meaneſt
Performd againſt the ſubtill Fox of France,
The politique *Lewis*, or the more deſperate Swiſſe,
And 'twyll outwaygh all the good purpoſe,
Though put in act, that euer Gowneman practizd.
Non. Se. Away with him to priſon.
Rom. If that curſes,
Vrg'd iuſtly, and breath'd forth ſo, euer fell
On thoſe that did deſerue them; let not mine
Be ſpent in vaine now, that thou from this inſtant
Mayeſt in thy feare that they will fall vpon thee,
Be ſenſible of the plagues they ſhall bring with them.
And for denying of a little earth,
To couer what remaynes of our great ſoldyer:
May all your wiues proue whores, your factors theeues,
And while you liue, your ryotous heires vndoe you.
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,
Of all thy Lordſhips liue not to be owner
Of ſo much dung as will conceale a Dog,
Or what is worſe, thy ſelfe in. And thy yeeres,
To th'end thou mayſt be wretched, I wiſh many,
And as thou haſt denied the dead a graue,
May miſery in thy life make thee deſire one,
Which men and all the Elements keepe from thee:
I haue begun well, imitate, exceed.
Rosh. Good counſayle were it, a prayſe worthy deed. *Ex.*
Du Croye. Remember what we are. *Officers with Rom.*
Clara. Thus low my duty
Anſweres your Lordſhips counſaile. I will vſe
In the few words (with which I am to trouble
Your Lordſhips eares) the temper that you wiſh me:
No, that I feare to ſpeake my thoughts as lowd,
And with a liberty beyond *Romont*:
But that I know, for me that am made vp
Of all that's wretched, ſo to haſte my end,
Would ſeeme to moſt, rather a willingneſſe
To quit the burthen of a hopeleſſe life,

Then

Then ſcorne of death, or duty to the dead.
I therefore bring the tribute of my prayſe
To your ſuperitie, and commend the Iuſtice,
That will not for the many ſeruices
That any man hath done the Common wealth,
Winke at his leaſt of ills: what though my father
VVrit man before he was ſo, and confirmd it,
By numbring that day, no part of his life,
In which he did not ſeruice to his Country;
Was he to be free therefore from the Lawes,
And ceremonious forme in your decrees?
Or elſe becauſe he did as much as man
In thoſe three memorable ouerthrowes
At *Granſon*, *Morat*, *Nancy*, where his Maſter,
The warlike *Charloyes* (with whoſe miſfortunes
I beare his name) loſt treaſure, men and life,
To be excuſ'd, from payment of thoſe ſummes
Which (his owne patri mony ſpent) his zeale,
To ſerue his Countrey, forc'd him to take vp?

Nou. Se. The preſident were ill.

Chara. And yet, my Lord, this much
I know youll grant; After thoſe great defeatures,
Which in their dreadfull ruines buried quick, *Enter officers.*
Courage and hope, in all men but himſelfe,
He forſt the proud foe, in his height of conqueſt,
To yeeld vnto an honourable peace;
And in it ſaued an hundred thouſand liue,
To end his owne, that was ſure proofe againſt
The ſcalding Summers heate, and Winters froſt,
Illayres, the Cannon, and the enemies ſword,
In a moſt loathſome priſon.

Du Croy. Twas his fault to be ſo prodigall.

Nou. Se. He had fro the ſtate ſufficient entertainment for

Char. Sufficent? My Lord, you ſit at home, (the Army.
And though your fees are boundleſſe at the barre:
Are thriftie in the charges of the warre,
But your wills be obeyd. To theſe I turne,

To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They are onely good men, that pay what they owe.
2 *Cred.* And so they are.
1 *Cred.* 'Tis the City Doctrine,
We stand bound to maintaine it.
Char. Be constant in it,
And since you are as mercilesse in your natures,
As base, and mercenary in your meanes
By which you get your wealth, I will not vrge
The Court to take away one scruple from
The right of their lawes, or one good thought
In you to mend your disposition with.
I know there is no musique to your eares
So pleasing as the groanes of men in prison,
And that the teares of widows, and the cries
Of famish'd Orphants, are the feasts that take you.
That to be in your danger, with more care
Should be auoyded, then infectious ayre,
The loath'd embraces of diseased women,
A flatterers poyson, or the losse of honour.
Yet rather then my fathers reuerent dust
Shall want a place in that faire monument,
In which our noble Ancestors lye intomb'd,
Before the Court I offer vp my selfe
A prisoner for it: loade me with those yrons
That haue worne out his life, in my best strength
Ile run to th'incounter of cold hunger,
And choose my dwelling where no Sun dares enter,
So he may be releas'd.
1 *Cred.* What meane you sir?
2 *Adu.* Onely your fee againe: ther's so much sayd
Already in this cause, and sayd so well,
That should I onely offer to speake in it,
I should not bee heard, or laught at for it.
1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first mony aduocate ere gaue backe,
Though hee sayd nothing.
Roch. Be aduis'd, young Lord,

And well considerate, you throw away
Your liberty, and ioyes of life together:
Your bounty is imployd vpon a subiect
That is not sensible of it, with which, wise man
Neuer abus'd his goodnesse; the great vertues
Of your dead father vindicate themselues,
From these mens malice, and breake ope the prison,
Though it containe his body.

Nou. Se. Let him alone,
If he loue Lords, a Gods name let him weare 'em,
Prouided these consent.

Char. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any way of profit,
As to neglect a possibility
To get their owne, by seeking it from that
Which can returne them nothing, but ill fame,
And curses for their barbarous cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What thinke you of the offer?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all meanes: let's shut him vp,
He is well-shaped and has a villanous tongue,
And should he study that way of renenge,
As I dare almost sweare he loues a wench,
We haue no wiues, nor neuer shall get daughters
That will hold out against him.

Du Croy. What's your answer?

2. *Cred.* Speake you for all.

1 *Cred.* Why, let our executions
That lye vpon the father, be return'd
Vpon the sonne, and we release the body.

Nou. Se. The Court must grant you that.

Char. I thanke your Lordships,
They haue in it confirm'd on me such glory,
As no time can take from me: I am ready,
Come lead me where you please: captiuity
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

Exit Charmi, Cred. & Officers.

Nou. Se. Strange rashnesse.

Roch. A braue resolution rather,
Worthy a better fortune, but howeuer
It is not now to be disputed, therefore
To my owne cause. Already I haue found
Your Lordships bountifull in your fauours to me,
And that should teach my modesty to end heere
And presse your loues no further.

Du Croy. There is nothing
The Court can grant, but with assurance you
May aske it, and obtaine it.

Roch. You incourage a bold Petitioner, and 'tis not fit
Your fauours should be lost. Besides, 'cas beene
A custome many yeeres, at the surrendring
The place I now giue vp, to grant the President
One boone, that parted with it. And to confirme
Your grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my actions, and life hereafter,
I now preferre it to you.

Du Croy. Speake it freely.

Roch. I then desire the liberty of *Romont*,
And that my Lord *Nouall*, whose priuate wrong
Was equall to the iniurie that was done
To the dignity of the Court, will pardon it,
And now signe his enlargement.

Nou. Se. Pray you demand
The moyety of my estate, or any thing
Within my power, but this.

Roch. Am I denyed then—my first and last request?

Du Croy. It must not be.

2. *Pre.* I haue a voyce to giue in it.

3. *Pre.* And I.
And if perswasion will not worke him to it,
We will make knowne our power.

Nou. Se. You are too violent,
You shall haue my consent—But would you had
Made tryall of my loue in any thing

But

But this, you should haue found then——But it skills not
You haue what you desire.
Roch. I thanke your Lordships.
Du Croy. The court is vp, make way. *Ex. omnes, prater*
Roch. I follow you—*Baumont.* *Roch. & Baumont.*
Baum. My Lord.
Roch. You are a scholler, *Baumont,*
And can search deeper into th' intents of men,
Then those that are lesse knowing—How appear'd
The piety and braue behauiour of
Young *Charloyes* to you?
Baum. It is my wonder,
Since I want language to expresse it fully;
And sure the Collonell——
Roch. Fie! he was faulty—what present mony haue I?
Baum. There is no want
Of any summe a priuate man has vse for.
Roch. 'Tis well:
I am strangely taken with this *Charaloyes*;
Me thinkes, from his example, the whole age
Should learne to be good, and continue so.
Vertue workes strangely with vs and his goodnesse
Rising aboue his fortune, seemes to me
Princelike, to will, not aske a courtesie. *Exeunt.*

Act. secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Pontalier, Malotin, Baumont.

Mal. 'Tis strange.
Baum. Me thinkes so,
Pont. In a man, but young,
Yet old in iudgement, theorique, and practicke,
In all humanity (and to increase the wonder)

Religious, yet a Souldier, that he should
Yeeld his free liuing youth a captiue, for
The freedome of his aged fathers Corpes,
And rather choose to want lifes necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, then it should
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

Malo. Come, 'Tis a golden president in a Sonne,
To let strong nature haue the better hand,
(In such a case) of all affected reason.
What yeeres sits on this *Charolois*? (17 old

Baum. Twenty eight, for since the clocke did strike him
Vnder his fathers wing, this Sonne hath fought,
Seru'd and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his fathers father,
And neuer lesse then's sonne; the old mans vertues
So recent in him, as the world may sweare,
Nought but a faire tree, could such fayre fruit beare.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,
And men more barbarous to execute it,
Preuaile on his soft disposition,
That he had rather dye aliue for debt
Of the old man in prison, then he should
Rob him of Sepulture, considering
These monies borrow'd bought the lenders peace,
And all their meanes they inioy, nor was diffus'd
In any impious or licencious path?

Bau. True: for my part, were it my fathers trunke,
The tyrannous Ram-heads, with their hornes should gore it,
Or, cast it to their curres (than they) lesse curriſh,
Ere prey on me so, with their Lion-law,
Being in my free will (as in his) to shun it.

Pont. Alasse! he knowes himselfe (in pouerty) lost:
For in this parciall auaricious age
What price beares Honor? Vertue? Long agoe
It was but prays'd, and freez'd, but now a dayes
'Tis colder far, and has, nor loue, nor praise,
Very prayse now freezeth too: for nature

Did

Did make the heathen, far more Christian then,
Then knowledge vs (lesse heathenish) Christian.
Malo. This morning is the funerall.
Pont. Certainely!
And from this prison 'twas the sonnes request
That his deare father might interment haue.
See, the young sonne interd a liuely graue.
Baum. They come, obserue their order.

Recorders Musique.

Enter Funerall. Body borne by 4. Captaines and Souldiers, Mourners. Scutchions, and very good order. Charolois, and Romont meet it. Char. speaks. Rom. weeping, solemne Musique, 3 Creditors.

Char. How like a silent streame shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighes;
Moues the whole frame of this solemnity!
Teares, sighes and blackes, filling the simily,
Whilst I the onely murmur in this groue
Of death, thus hollowly break forth! Vouchsafe
To stay a while, rest, rest in peace, deare earth,
Thou that brought'st rest to their vnthankfull lyues,
Whose cruelty deny'd thee rest in death:
Heere stands the poore Executor thy sonne,
That makes his life prisoner, to bale thy death;
Who gladlier puts on this captiuity,
Then Virgins long in loue, their wedding weeds:
Of all that euer thou hast done good to,
These onely haue good memories, for they
Remember best, forget not gratitude.
I thanke you for this last and friendly loue.
And tho this Country, like a viperous mother,
Not onely hath eate vp vngratefully
All meanes of thee her sonne, but last thy selfe,
Leauing thy heire so bare and indigent,
He cannot rayse thee a poore Monument,
Such as a flatterer, or a vsurer hath.

Thy worth, in euery honeſt breſt buyldes one;
Making their friendly hearts thy funerall ſtone.
Pont. Sir.
Char. Peace, O peace, this ſceane is wholy mine.
What weepe ye, ſouldiers? Blanch not, *Romont* weepes.
Ha, let me ſee, my miracle is eaſ'd,
The iaylors and the creditors do weepe;
Euen they that make vs weepe, do weepe themſelues.
Be theſe thy bodies balme: theſe and thy vertue
Keepe thy fame euer odoriferous,
VVhilſt the great, proud, rich, vndeſeruing man,
Aliue ſtinkes in his vices, and being vaniſh'd,
The golden calfe that was an Idoll dect
VVith Marble pillars ſet, and Porphyrie,
Shall quickly both in bone and name conſume,
Though wrapt in lead, ſpice, Searecloth and perfume
1 *Cred.* Sir.
Char. VVhat! Away for ſhame: you prophane rogues
Muſt not be mingled with theſe holy reliques:
This is a Sacrifice, our ſhowre ſhall crowne
His ſepulcher with Oliue, Myrrh and Bayes
The plants of peace, of ſorrow, victorie,
Your teares would ſpring but weedes.
1 *Cred.* VVould they not ſo?
VVee'll keepe them to ſtop bottles then:
Rom. No; keepe 'em for your owne ſins, you Rogues,
Till you repent: you'll dye elſe and be damn'd.
2 *Cred.* Damn'd, ha! ha, ha.
Rom. Laugh yee?
3 *Cred.* Yes faith. Sir, weel'd be very glad
To pleaſe you eyther way.
1 *Cred.* Y'are ne're content,
Crying nor laughing.
Rom. Both with a birth ſhee rogues.
2 *Cred.* Our wiues, Sir, taught vs.
Rom. Looke, looke you ſlaues, your thankleſſe cruelty
And ſauage manners, of vnkind *Dijon*,

Exhauſt

Exhauſt theſe flouds, and not his fathers death.

1 *Cred.* Slid, Sir, what would yee, ye'are ſo cholericke?

2 *Cred.* Moſt ſouldiers are ſo yfaith, let him alone:
They haue little elſe to liue on, we haue not had
A penny of him, haue wee?

3 *Cred.* Slight, wo'd you haue our hearts?

1 *Cred.* We haue nothing but his body heere in durance
For all our mony.

Prieſt. On.

Char. One moment more,
But to beſtow a few poore legacyes,
All I haue left in my dead fathers rights,
And I haue done. Captaine, weare thou theſe ſpurs
That yet ne're made his horſe runne from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou, this Scarfe, and may it tye
Thy valor, and thy honeſtie together:
For ſo it did in him. Enſigne, this Curace
Your Generalls necklace once. You gentle Bearers,
Deuide this purſe of gold, this other, ſtrow
Among the poore: this all I haue. *Romont*,
(Weare thou this medall of himſelfe) that like
A hearty Oake, grew'ſt cloſe to this tall Pine,
Euen in the wildeſt wilderneſſe of war,
VVhereon foes broke their ſwords, and tyr'd themſelues;
VVounded and hack'd yee were, but neuer fell'd.
For me, my portion prouide in Heauen:
My roote is earth'd, and I a deſolate branch
Left ſcattered in the high way of the world,
Trod vnder foot, that might haue bin a Columne,
Mainely ſupporting our demoliſh'd houſe,
This would I weare as my inheritance.
And what hope can ariſe to me from it,
VVhen I and it are both heere priſoners?
Onely may this, if euer we be free,
Keepe, or redeeme me from all infamie. *Song. Muſicke.*

1 *Cred.* No farther, looke to 'em at your owne perill.

2 *Cred.* No, as they pleaſe: their Maſter's a good man.

I would they were the *Burmudas*.

Taylor. You must no further.
The prisonlimits you, and the Creditors
Exact the strictnesse.

Rem. Out you woolvish mungrells!
Whose braynes should be knockt out, like dogs in July,
Lest your infection poyson a whole towne.

Char. They grudge our sorrow: your ill wills perforce
Tarnes now to Charity: they would not haue vs
Walke too farre mourning, vsurers reliefe
Grieues, if the Debtors haue too much of griefe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Beaumelle: Florimell: Bellapert.

Beau. I prithee tell me, *Florimell*, why do women marry?

Flor. Why truly Madam, I thinke, to lye with their husbands.

Bella. You are a foole; She lyes, Madam, women marry
To lye with other men. (husbands,

Flor. Faith, eene such a woman wilt thou make. By this light, Madam, this wagtaile will spoyle you, if you take delight in her licence.

Beau. Tis true, *Florimell*: and thou wilt make me too good for a yong Lady. What an electuary found my father out for his daughter, when hee compounded you two my women? for thou, *Florimell*, art eene a graine too heauy, simply for a wayting Gentlewoman.

Flor. And thou *Bellapert*, a graine too light.

Bella. Well, go thy wayes goodly wisdom, whom no body regards. I wonder, whether be elder thou or thy hood: you thinke, because you serue my Ladyes mother, are 32 yeeres old which is a peepe out, you know.

Flor. Well sayd, wherligig.

Bella. You are deceyu'd: I want a peg ith' middle. Out of these Prerogatiues! you thinke to be mother of the maydes heere, & mortifie em with prouerbs: goe, goe, gouern the sweet meates, and waigh the Suger, that the wenches steale none: say your prayers twice a day, and as I take it, you

haue

haue performd your function.

Flor. I may bee euen with you.

Bell. Harke, the Court's broke vp. Goe helpe my old Lord out of his Caroch, and scratch his head till dinner time.

Flor. Well. *Exit.*

Bell. Fy Madam, how you walke! By my mayden-head you looke 7 yeeres older then you did this morning: why, there can be nothing vnder the Sunne valuable, to make you thus a minute.

Beau. Ah my sweete *Bellapert* thou Cabinet
To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause
That makes thy Lady wither thus in youth.

Bel. Vd'd-light, enioy your wishes: whilst I liue,
One way or other you shall crowne your will.
Would you haue him your husband that you loue,
And can't not bee? he is your seruant though,
And may performe the office of a husband.

Beau. But there is honor, wench.

Bell. Such a disease
There is in deed, for which ere I would dy.

Beau. Prethee, distinguish me a mayd & wife.

Bell. Faith, Madam, one may beare any mans children,
Tother must beare no mans.

Beau. What is a husband?

Bell. Physicke, that tumbling in your belly, will make you sicke ith' stomacke: the onely distinction betwixt a husband and a seruant is: the first will lye with you, when hee please; the last shall lye with you when you please. Pray tell me, Lady, do you loue, to marry after, or would you marry, to loue after?

Beau. I would meete loue and marriage both at once.

Bell. Why then you are out of the fashion, and wilbe contemn'd: for (Ile assure you) there are few women i'th world, but either they haue married first, and loue after, or loue first, and marryed after: you must do as you may, not as you would: your fathers will is the Goale you must fly to: if a husband approch you, you would haue further off, is he your

loue,

loue? the leſſe neere you. A husband in theſe dayes is but a cloake to bee oftner layde vpon your bed, then in your bed.

Baum. Humpe,

Bell. Sometimes you may weare him on your ſhoulder, now and then vnder your arme: but ſeldome or neuer let him couer you: for 'tis not the faſhion.

Enter y. Nouall, Pontalier, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer.

Nou. Beſt day to natures curioſity,
Starre of *Dijum*, the luſtre of all *France*,
Perpetuall ſpring dwell on thy roſy cheekes,
Whoſe breath is perfume to our Continent,
See *Flora* turn'd in her varieties.

Bell. Oh diuine Lord!

Nou. No autumne, nor no age euer approach
This heauenly piece, which nature hauing wrought,
She loſt her needle and did then deſpaire,
Euer to worke ſo liuely and ſo faire.

Lilad. Vds light, my Lord, one of the purles of your band is (without all diſcipline ſalne) out of his ranke.

Nou. How? I would not for a 1000 crownes ſhe had ſeen't, Deare *Liladam*, reforme it.

Bell. Oh Lord: *Per ſe*, Lord, quinteſſence of honour, ſhee walkes not vnder a weede that could deny thee any thing.

Baum. Prethy peace, wench, thou doſt but blow the fire, that flames too much already. *Lilad. Aym. trim Nouall, whilſt Bell her Lady.*

Aym. By gad, my Lord, you haue the diuineſt Taylor of Chriſtendome; he hath made you looke like an Angell in your cloth of Tiſſue doublet.

Pont. This is a three-leg'd Lord, ther's a freſh aſſault, oh that men ſhould ſpend time thus!
See ſee, how her blood driues to her heart, and ſtraight vaults to her cheekes againe.

Malo. What are theſe?

Pont. One of 'em there the lower is a good, fooliſh, knauiſh, ſociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much taught

my

my Lord with singing, hee is master of a musicke house: the other is his dressing blocke, vpon whom my Lord layes all his cloathes, and fashions, ere he vouchsafes 'em his owne person; you shall see him i'th morning in the Gally-foyst, at noone in the Bullion, i'th euening in Quirpo, and all night in——

Malo. A Bawdyhouse.

Pont. If my Lord deny, they deny, if hee affirme, they affirme: they skip into my Lords cast skins some twice a yeere, and thus they liue to eate, eate to liue, and liue to prayse my Lord.

Malo. Good sir, tell me one thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malo. Dare these men euer fight, on any cause?

Pont. Oh no, 'twould spoyle their cloathes, and put their bands out of order.

Non. Mrs, you heare the news: your father has resign'd his Presidentship to my Lord my father.

Malo. And Lord *Charolois* vndone forever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis pity, sir.

A brauer hope of so assur'd a father
Did neuer comfort *France*.

Lila. A good dumbe mourner.

Aym. A silent blacke.

Non. Oh fie vpon him, how he weares his cloathes!
As if he had come this Christmas from St. *Omers*,
To see his friends, and return'd after Twelfetyde.

Lilad. His Colonell lookes fiercely like a drouer,

Non. That had a winter ly'n perdieu i'th rayne.

Aym. What, he that weares a clout about his necke,
His cuffes in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

Non. Now out vpon him!

Bean. Seruant, tye my hand.
How your lips blush, in scorne that they should pay
Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way!

Non. I thus recant, yet now your hand looks white,
Because your lips robd it of such a right.

Martin, sweet Aymour, I pretty sing the song
Deuoted to my *Mrs.* *Cant.* *Musicke.*
After the Song, Enter Rochfort, & Baumont.
Baum. *Romont* will come, sir, straight.
Roch. 'Tis well.
Beau. My Father.
Nouall. My honorable Lord.
Roch. My Lord *Nouall*, this is a vertue in you,
So early vp and ready before noone,
That are the map of dressing through all *France.*
Nou. I rise to say my prayers, sir, here're's my Saint.
Roch. 'Tis well and courtly: you must giue me leaue,
I haue some priuate conference with my daughter,
Pray vse my garden, you shall dine with me.
Lisla. Wee'l waite on you.
Nou. Good morne vnto your Lordship,
Remember what you haue vow'd——to his *Mrs.* *Exeunt*
Beau. Performe I must. *omnes, prater Roch. Daug.*
Roch. Why how now *Beaumelle*, thou look'st not well.
Th'art sad of late, come cheere thee, I haue found
A wholesome remedy for these mayden fits,
A goodly Oake whereon to twist my vine,
Till her faire branches grow vp to the starres.
Be neere at hand, successe crowne my intent,
My businesse fills my little time so full,
I cannot stand to talke: I know, thy duty
Is handmayd to my will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.
Beau. Sir, I am yours. Oh if my teares proue true, *Exit*
Fate hath wrong'd loue, and will destroy me too. *Daug.*
Enter Romont keeper.
Rom. Sent you for me, sir?
Roch. Yes.
Rom. Your Lordships pleasure?
Roch. Keeper, this prisoner I will see forth comming
Vpon my word—— Sit downe good Colonell. *Exit keeper.*
Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,

Is to aduise you from this yron carriage,
Which, so affected, *Romont*, you weare,
To pity and to counsell yee submit
With expedition to the great *Nouall*:
Recant your sterne contempt, and slight neglect
Of the whole Court, and him, and opportunity,
Or you will vndergoe a heauy censure
In publique very shortly.

Rom. Hum hum: reuerend sir,
I haue obseru'd you, and doe know you well,
And am now more affraid you know not me,
By wishing my submission to *Nouall*,
Then I can be of all the bellowing mouthes
That waite vpon him to pronounce the censure,
Could it determine me torments, and shame.
Submit, and craue forgiuenesse of a beast?
Tis true, this bile of state weares purple Tissue,
Is high fed, proud: so is his Lordships horse,
And beares as rich Caparisons. I know,
This Elephant carries on his backe not onely
Towres, Castles, but the ponderous republique,
And neuer stoops for't, with his strong breath trunk
Snuffes others titles, Lordships, Offices,
Wealth, bribes, and lyues, vnder his rauenous iawes,
Whats this vnto my freedome? I dare dye;
And therfore aske this Cammell, if these blessings
(For so they would be vnderstood by a man)
But mollifie one rudenesse in his nature,
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,
At whose great helme he sits: helps he the poore
In a iust businesse? nay, does he not crosse
Euery deserued souldier and scholler,
As if when nature made him, she had made
The generall Antipathy of all vertue?
How sauagely, and blasphemously hee spake
Touching the Generall, the graue Generall dead,
I must weepe when I thinke on't.

Roch. Sir.

Rom.

Rom. My Lord, I am not stubborne, I can melt, you see,
And prize a vertue better then my life:
For though I be not learnd, I euer lou'd
That holy Mother of all issues, good,
VVhose white hand (for a Scepter) holdes a File
To polliſh roughest customes, and in you
She has her right: see, I am calme as sleepe,
But when I thinke of the grosse iniuries,
The godlesse wrong done, to my Generall dead,
I raue indeed, and could eate this *Nouall*
A soule-lesse Dromodary.

Roch. Oh bee temperate,
Sir, though I would perswade, I'le not constraine:
Each mans opinion freely is his owne,
Concerning any thing or any body,
Be it right or wrong, tis at the Iudges perill.

Enter Baumond.

Bau. These men, Sir, waite without, my Lord is come too.

Roch. Pay'em those summes vpon the table, take
Their full releases: stay, I want a witnesse:
Let mee intreat you Colonell, to walke in,
And stand but by, to see this money pay'd,
It does concerne you and your friends, it was
The better cause you were sent for, though sayd otherwise.
The deed shall make this my request more plaine.

Rom. I shall obey your pleasure Sir, though ignorant
To what is tends? *Exit Seruant: Romont.*

Roch. Worthiest Sir, *Enter Charolois.*
You are most welcome: fye, no more of this:
You haue out-wept a woman, noble *Charolois.*
No man but has, or must bury a father.

Char. Graue Sir, I buried sorrow, for his death,
In the graue with him. I did neuer thinke
Hee was immortall, though I vow I grieue,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Vertuous, valiant and vnworthy men
Should dye alike.

Roch.

Roch. They do not.
Char. In the manner
Of dying, Sir, they do not, but all dye,
And therein differ not: but I haue done.
I spy'd the liuely picture of my father,
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water
Into mine eyes: see, foolish that I am,
To let it doe so.
Roch. Sweete and gentle nature,
How silken is this well comparatiuely
To other men! I haue a suite to you Sir.
Char. Take it, tis granted. *Roch.* What?
Char. Nothing, my Lord.
Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.
Char. Faith, my Lord,
That nothing granted, is euen all I haue,
For (all know) I haue nothing left to grant.
Roch. Sir, ha' you any suite to me? Ile grant
You some thing, any thing.
Char. Nay surely, I that can
Giue nothing, will but sue for that againe.
No man will grant mee any thing I sue for.
But begging nothing, euery man will giue't.
Roch. Sir, the loue I bore your father, and the worth
I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus send for you. And tender heere *Drawes a*
What euer you will take, gold, Iewels, both, *Curtayne.*
All, to supply your wants, and free your selfe.
Where heauenly vertue in high blouded veines
Is lodg'd, and can agree, men should kneele downe,
Adore, and sacrifice all that they haue;
And well they may, it is so seldome seene.
Put off your wonder, and heere freely take
Or send your seruants. Nor, Sir, shall you vse
In ought of this, a poore mans fee, or bribe,
Vniustly taken of the rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the Law.

Char. How ill, Sir, it becomes those haires to mocke?
Roch. Mocke? thunder strike mee then.
Char. You doe amaze mee:
But you shall wonder too, I will not take
One single piece of this great heape: why should I
Borrow, that haue not meanes to pay, nay am
A very bankerupt, euen in flattering hope
Of euer raysing any. All my begging,
Is *Romonts* libertie. *Enter Romont, Creditors loaden with*
Roch. Heere is your friend, *mony. Baumont.*
Enfranchist ere you spake. I giue him you,
And *Charolois.* I giue you to your friend
As free a man as hee; your fathers debts
Are taken off.
Char. How?
Rom. Sir, it is most true.
I am the witnes.
1 *Cred.* Yes faith, wee are pay'd.
2 *Cred.* Heauen blesse his Lordship, I did thinke him wiser.
3 *Cred.* He a states-man, he an asse Pay other mens debts?
1 *Cred.* That hee was neuer bound for.
Rom. One more such would saue the rest of pleaders.
Char. Honord *Rochfort.*
Lye still my young and bushes, cal'd my cheekes,
That offer thankes in words, for such great deeds.
Roch. Call in my daughter: still I haue a suit to you. *Baum.*
VVould you requite mee. *Exit.*
Rom. VVith his life, assure you.
Roch. Nay, wou'd you make me now your debter, Sir?
This is my onely child: what shee appeares, *Enter Baum*
Your Lordship well may see her education, *Beam.*
Follows not any: for her mind, I know it
To be far fayrer then her shape, and hope
It will continue so: if now her birth
Be not too meane for *Charolois*, take her
This virgin by the hand, and call her wife,
Indowd with all my fortunes: blesse mee so,

Requite

Requite mee thus, and make mee happier,
In ioyning my poore empty name to yours,
Then if my state were multiplied ten fold.
Char. Is this the payment, Sir, that you expect?
Why, you participate me more in debt,
That nothing but my life can euer pay,
This beautie being your daughter, in which yours
I must conceiue necessitie of her vertue
Without all dowry is a Princes ayme,
Then, as shee is, for poore and worthlesse I,
How much too worthy! Waken me, *Remont*,
That I may know I dream't, and find this vanisht
Rom. Sure, I sleepe not.
Roch. Your sentence life or death?
Char. Faire *Beaumelle*, can you loue me?
Beau. Yes, my Lord. *Enter Nonall, Pontac.*
Char. You need not question me, if I can you. *Malotine,*
You are the fayrest virgin in *Digeon.* *Lilad, Aymer. All*
And *Rochfort* is your father. *saluts.*
Non. What's this change?
Roch. You met my wishes, Gentlemen.
Rom. What make
These dogs in doublets here?
Beau. A Visitation, Sir.
Char. Then thus, Faire *Beaumelle*, I write my faith
Thus seale it in the sight of Heauen and men.
Your fingers tye my heart-strings with this touch
In true-loue knots, which nought but death shall loose,
And yet these eares (an Embleme of our loues)
Like Cristall riuers indiuidually
Flow into one another, make one source,
Which neuer man distinguish, lesse deuide:
Breath, marry, breath, and kisses, mingle soules,
Two hearts, and bodies, here incorporate:
And though with little wooing I haue wonne,
My future life shall bee a wooing tyme.
And euery day, new as the bridall one,

Ob-

Oh Sir, I groane vnder your courteſies,
More then my fathers bones vnder his wrongs,
You *Curtius*-like, haue throwne into the gulfe,
Of this his Countries foule ingratitude,
Your life and fortunes, to redeeme their ſhames.
Roch. No more, my glory, come, let's in and haſten
This celebration.
Rom. Mal. Pont. Ban.
All faire bliſſe vpon it.
Exeunt Roch. Char. Rom. Ban. Mal.
Nou. Miſtreſſe.
Beau. Oh ſeruant, vertue ſtrengthen me.
Thy preſence blowes round my affections vane:
You will vndoe me, if you ſpeake againe. *Exit Beaum.*
Lilad. Aym. Here will be ſport for you. This workes.
Exeunt Lilad. Aym.
Nou. Peace, peace.
Pont. One word, my Lord *Nouall.*
Nou. What, thou wouldſt mony there.
Pont. No, Ile none, Ile not be bought a ſlaue,
A Pander, or a Paraſite, for all
Your fathers worth, though you haue ſau'd my life,
Reſcued me often from my wants, I muſt not
Winke at your follyes: that will ruine you.
You know my blunt way, and my loue to truth:
Forſake the purſuit of this Ladies honour,
Now you doe ſee her made another mans,
And ſuch a mans, ſo good, ſo popular,
Or you will plucke a thouſand miſchiefes on you;
The benefits you haue done me, are not loſt,
Nor caſt away, they are purs'd heere in my heart,
But let me pay you, ſir, a fayrer way
Then to defend your vices, or to ſooth 'em.
Nou. Ha, ha, ha, what are my courſes vnto thee?
Good Couſin *Pontalier*, meddle with that
That ſhall concerne thy ſelfe. *Exit Nouall.*
Pont. No more but ſcorne?

Moue

Moue on then, starres, worke your pernicious will:
Onely the wise rule, and preuent your ill. *Exit.*

Hob oyes.

Here a passage ouer the Stage, while the Act is playing for the Marriage of Charalois with Beaumelle, &c.

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Nouall Iunior, Bellapert.

Nou. Iu. FLie not to these excuses: thou hast bin
False in thy promise, and when I haue said
Vngratefull, all is spoke.

Bell. Good my Lord, but heare me onely.

Nou. To what purpose, trifler?
Can any thing that thou canst say, make voyd
The marriage? or those pleasures but a dreame,
Which *Charaloyes* (oh *Venus*) hath enioyd?

Bell. I yet could say that you receiue aduantage,
In what you thinke a losse, would you vouchsafe me
That you were neuer in the way till now
With safety to arriue at your desires,
That pleasure makes loue to you vnattended
By danger or repentance?

Nou. That I could.
But apprehend one reason how this might be,
Hope would not then forsake me.

Bell. The enioying
Of what you most desire, I say th' enioying
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,
Confirme that I am faithfull.

Nou. Giue some relish
How this may appeare possible.

Bell. I will

Relliſh, and taſte, and make the banquet eaſie:
You ſay my Ladie's married. I confeſſe it,
That *Charalois* hath inioyed her, 'tis moſt true
That with her, hee's already Maſter of
The beſt part of my old Lords ſtate. Still better,
But that the firſt, or laſt, ſhould be your hindrance,
I vtterly deny: for but obſerue me:
While ſhe went for, and was, I ſweare, a Virgin,
What courteſie could ſhe with her honour giue
Or you receiue with ſafety—take me with you,
When I ſay courteſie, doe not thinke I meane
A kiſſe, the tying of her ſhoo or garter,
An houre of priuate conference: thoſe are trifles.
In this word courteſy, we that are gameſters point at
The ſport direct, where not alone the louer
Brings his Artillery, but vſes it.
Which word expounded to you, ſuch a courteſie
Doe you expect, and ſudden.

Nou. But he taſted the firſt ſweetes, *Bellapert.*

Bell. He wrong'd you ſhrewdly,
He toyl'd to climbe vp to the *Phœnix* neſt,
And in his prints leaues your aſcent more eaſie.
I doe not know, you that are perfect Crittiques
In womens bookes, may talke of maydenheads.

Nou. But for her marriage.

Bell. 'Tis a faire protection
'Gainſt all arreſts of feare, or ſhame for euer.
Such as are faire, and yet not fooliſh, ſtudy
To haue one at thirteene; but they are mad
That ſtay till twenty. Then ſir, for the pleaſure,
To ſay Adulterie's ſweeter, that is ſtale.
This onely is not the contentment more,
To ſay, This is my Cuckold, then my Riuall.
More I could ſay—— but briefely, ſhe doates on you,
If it proue otherwiſe, ſpare not, poyſon me
With next gold you giue me. *Enter Beaumely.*

Beau. How's this ſeruant, courting my woman?

Bell. As an entrance to

The

The fauour of the mistris: you are together
And I am perfect in my qu.
Beau. Stay *Bellapert.*
Bell. In this, I must not with your leaue obey you.
You. Taylor and your Tire-woman waite without
And stay my counsayle, and direction for
Your next dayes dressing. I haue much to doe,
Nor will your Ladiship know, time is precious,
Continue idle: this choise Lord will finde
So fit imployment for you. *Exit Bellap.*
Beau. I shall grow angry.
Nou. Not so, you haue a iewell in her, Madam.
Bell. I had forgot to tell your Ladiship *Enter*
The closet is priuate and your couch ready; *againe.*
And if you please that I shall loose the key,
But say so, and tis done. *Exit Bellap.*
Beau. You come to chide me, seruant, and bring with you
Sufficient warrant, you will say and truely,
My father found too much obedience in me,
By being won too soone: yet if you please
But to remember, all my hopes and fortunes
Had reference to this likening: you will grant
That though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for my selfe.
Nou. With too much feruor
I haue so long lou'd and still loue you, Mistresse,
To esteeme that an iniury to me
Which was to you conuenient: that is past
My helpe, is past my cure. You yet may, Lady,
In recompence of all my dutious seruice,
(Prouided that your will answere your power)
Become my Creditresse.
Beau. I vnderstand you,
And for assurance, the request you make
Shall not be long vnanswered. Pray you sit,
And by what you shall heare, you'l easily finde,
My passions are much fitter to desire,

Then to be sued to. *Enter Romont and Florimell.*

Flor. Sir, tis not enuy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My Ladies good opinion, thats the motiue
Of this discouery; but due payment
Of what I owe her Honour.

Rom. So I conceiue it.

Flo. I haue obseru'd too much, nor shall my silence
Preuent the remedy —— yonder they are,
I dare not bee seene with you. You may doe
What you thinke fit, which wilbe, I presume,
The office of a faithfull and tryed friend
To my young Lord. *Exit Flori.*

Rom. This is no vision: ha!

Nou. With the next opportunity.

Beau. By this kisse, and this, and this.

Nou. That you would euer sweare thus.

Rom. If I seeme rude, your pardon, Lady; yours
I do not aske: come, do not dare to shew mee
A face of anger, or the least dislike.
Put on, and suddaily a milder looke,
I shall grow rough else.

Nou. What haue I done, Sir,
To draw this harsh vnsauory language from you?

Rom. Done, Popinjay? why, dost thou thinke that if
I ere had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,
Thou shouldest outliue it?

Beau. This is something more
Then my Lords friendship giues commission for.

Nou. Your presence and the place, makes him presume
Vpon my patience.

Rom. As if thou ere wer't angry
But with thy Taylor, and yet that poore shred
Can bring more to the making vp of a man,
Then can be hop'd from thee: thou art his creature,
And did hee not each morning new create

Thou

Thou would'st stinke and be forgotten. Ile not change
On sillable more with thee, vntill thou bring
Some testimony vnder good mens hands,
Thou art a Christian, I suspect thee strongly,
And wilbe satisfied: till which time, keepe from me.
The entertaiment of your visitation
Has made what I intended on a businesse.

Nou. So wee shall meete —— Madam.

Rom. Vse that legge againe, and Ile cut off the other.

Nou. Very good. *Exit Nouall.*

Rom. What a perfume the Muske-cat leaues behind him!
Do you admit him for a property,
To saue you charges, Lady.

Beau. Tis not vseless,
Now you are to succeed him.

Rom. So I respect you,
Not for your selfe, but in remembrance of,
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,
That I choose rather not to vnderstand
Your nasty scoffe then, ——

Beau. What, you will not beate mee,
If I expound it to you. Heer's a Tyrant
Spares neyther man nor woman.

Rom. My intents
Madam, deserue not this; nor do I stay
To bee the whetstone of your wit: preserue it
To spend on such, as know how to admire
Such coloured stuffe. In me there is now speaks to you
As true a friend and seruant to your Honour,
And one that will with as much hazzard guard it,
As euer man did goodnesse. —— But then Lady,
You must endeauour not alone to bee,
But to appeare worthy such loue and seruice.

Beau. To what tends this?

Rom. Why, to this purpose, Lady,
I do desire you should proue such a wife
To *Charaloys* (and such a one hee merits)

As Cæsar, did hee liue, could not except at;
Not onely innocent from crime, but free
From all taynt and suspition.
Beau. They are base that iudge me otherwise.
Rom. But yet bee carefull.
Detraction's a bold monster, and feares not
To wound the fame of Princes, if it find
But any blemish in their liues to worke on;
But Ile bee plainer with you: had the people
Bin learnd to speake, but what euen now I saw,
Their malice out of that would raise an engine
To ouerthrow your honor. In my sight
(With yonder pointed foole I frighted from you)
You vs'd familiarity beyond
A modest entertaynment: you embrac'd him
With too much ardor for a stranger, and
Met him with kisses neyther chaste nor comely:
But learne you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him, you will find it safer
Rather to bee vncourtly, then immodest.
Beau. This prety rag about your necke shews well,
And being coorse and little worth, it speakes you,
As terrible as thrifty.
Rom. Madam.
Beau. Yes.
And this strong belt in which you hang your honor
Will out-last twenty scarfs.
Rom. What meane you, Lady?
Beau. And all else about you Cap a pe,
So vniforme in spite of handsomnesse,
Shews such a bold contempt of comelinesse,
That tis not strange your Laundresse in the League,
Grew mad with loue of you.
Rom. Is my free counsayle,
Answerd with this ridiculous scorne?
Beau. These obiects
Stole very much of my attention from me,

Yet something I remember, to speake truth,
Deceyued grauely, but to little purpose,
That almost would haue made me sweare, some Curate
Had stolne into the person of *Romont*,
And in the praise of good wife honesty,
Had read an homely.
Rom. By thy hand.
Beau. And sword,
I will make vp your oath, twill want weight else.
You are angry with me, and poore I laugh at it.
Do you come from the Campe, which affords onely
The conuersation of cast suburbe whores,
To set downe to a Lady of my ranke,
Lymits of entertainmment?
Rom. Sure a Legion has possest this woman.
Beau. One stamp more would do well: yet I desire not
You should grow horne-mad, till you haue a wife.
You are come to warme meate, and perhaps cleane linnen:
Feed, weare it, and bee thankfull. For me, know,
That though a thousand watches were set on mee,
And you the Master-spy, I yet would vse,
The liberty that best likes mee. I will reuell,
Feast, kisse, imbreace, perhaps grant larger fauours:
Yet such as liue vpon my meanes, shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my Lord
Bee now growne yellow, and has chose out you
To serue his Iealouzy that way, tell him this,
You haue something to informe him. *Exit Beau.*
Rom. And I will.
Beleeue it wicked one I will. Heare, Heauen,
But hearing pardon mee: if these fruts grow
Vpon the tree of marriage, let me shun it,
As a forbidden sweete. An heyre and rich,
Young, beautifull, yet adde to this a wife,
And I will rather choose a Spittle sinner
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,
And take it for a blessing, rather then

Bee

Be fettered to the hellish slauery
Of such an impudence.

Enter Baumont with writings.

Bau. Cellonell, good fortune
To meet you thus: you looke sad, but Ile tell you
Something that shall remoue it. Oh how happy
Is my Lord *Charaloys* in his faire bride!

Rom. A happy man indeede!---pray you in what?

Bau. I dare sweare, you would thinke so good a Lady,
A dower sufficient.

Rom. No doubt. But on.

Bau. So faire, so chaste, so vertuous: so indeed
All that is excellent.

Rom. Women haue no cunning to guil the world.

Bau. Yet to all these, my Lord
Her father giues the full addition of
All he does now possesse in *Burgundy*:
These writings to confirme it, are new seal'd
And I most fortunate to present him with them,
I must goe seeke him out, can you direct mee?

Rom. You'l finde him breaking a young horse.

Bau. I thanke you. *Exit Baumont.*

Rom. I must do something worthy *Charaloys* friendship.
If she were well inclin'd to keepe her so,
Deseru'd not thankes: and yet to stay a woman
Spur'd headlong by hot lust, to her owne ruine,
Is harder then to prop a falling towre
With a deceiuing reed. *Enter Rochfort.*

Roch. Some one seeke for me,
As soone as he returnes.

Rom. Her father! ha?
How if I breake this to him? sure it cannot
Meete with an ill construction. His wisedome
Made powerfull by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and giue priuiledge to his counsailes.
It shall be so---my Lord.

Roch. Your friend *Romont*: would you ought with me?

Rom.

Rom. I stand so ingag'd
To your so many fauours, that I hold it
A breach in thankfulnesse, should I not discouer,
Though with some imputation to my selfe,
All doubts that may concerne you.
Roch. The performance
Will make this protestation worth my thanks.
Rom. Then with your patience lend me your attention
For what I must deliuer, whispered onely
You will with too much griefe receiue.

Enter Beaumelle, Bellapert.

Beau. See wench!
Vpon my life as I forespake, hee's now
Preferring his complaint: but be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.
Bell. Feare not me, pox on him:
A Captaine turne Informer against kissing?
Would he were hang'd vp in his rusty Armour:
But if our fresh wits cannot turne the plots
Of such a mouldy murrion on it selfe;
Rich cloathes, choyse fare, and a true friend at a call,
With all the pleasures the night yeelds, forsake vs.
Roch. This in my daughter? doe not wrong her.
Bell. Now begin.
The games afoot, and wee in distance.
Beau. Tis thy fault, foolish girle, pinne on my vaile,
I will not weare those iewels. Am I not
Already matcht beyond my hopes? yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Againe to please a suyter.
Bell. Tis the course
That our great Ladies take.
Rom. A weake excuse.
Beau. Those that are better seene, in what concernes
A Ladies honour and faire fame, condemne it.
You waite well, in your absence, my Lords friend
The vnderstanding, graue and wise *Romont*,

Rom. Must I be still her sport?
Beau. Reproue me for it.
And he has traueld to bring home a iudgement
Not to be contradicted. You will say
My father, that owes more to yeeres then he,
Has brought me vp to musique, language, Courtship,
And I must vse them. True, but not t' offend,
Or render me suspected.
Roch. Does your fine story begin from this?
Beau. I thought a parting kisse
From young *Noxall*, would haue displeasd no more
Then heretofore it hath done; but I finde
I must restrayne such fauours now; looke therefore
As you are carefull to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. Ile endure
The strictest course of life that iealousie
Can thinke secure enough, ere my behauiour
Shall call my fame in question.
Rom. Ten dissemblers
Are in this subtile deuill. You beleeue this?
Roch. So farre that if you trouble me againe
With a report like this, I shall not onely
Iudge you malicious in your disposition,
But study to repent what I haue done
To such a nature.
Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.
Roch. And for you, daughter, off with this, off with it:
I haue that confidence in your goodnesse, I,
That I will not consent to haue you liue
Like to a Recluse in a cloyster: goe
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry,
Vse all fit liberty.
Bell. Blessing on you.
If this new preacher with the sword and feather
Could proue his doctrine for Canonicall,
We should haue a fine world. *Exit Bellaperti.*
Roch. Sir, if you please

To

To beare your selfe as fits a Gentleman,
The house is at your seruice: but if not,
Though you seeke company else where, your absence
Will not be much lamented—— *Exit Rochfort.*
Rom. If this be
The recompence of striuing to preserue
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all mankinde Panders.—Do you smile,
Good Lady Loosenes? your whole sex is like you,
And that man's mad that seekes to better any:
What new change haue you next?
Beau. Oh, feare not you, sir,
Ile shift into a thousand, but I will
Conuert your heresie.
Rom. What heresie? Speake.
Beau. Of keeping a Lady that is married,
From entertayning seruants. —— *Enter Nouall Iu. Malatine, Liladam, Aymer, Pontalier.*
O, you are welcome.
Vse any meanes to vexe him,
And then with welcome follow me. *Exit Beau.*
Nou. You are tyr'd
With your graue exhortations, Collonell.
Lilad. How is it? Fayth, your Lordship may doe well,
To helpe him to some Church-preferment: 'tis
Now the fashion, for men of all conditions,
How euer they haue liu'd, to end that way.
Aym. That face would doe well in a surplesse.
Rom. Rogues, be silent——or——
Pont. S' death will you suffer this?
Rom. And you, the master Rogue, the coward rascall,
I shall be with you suddenly.
Nou. Pontallier,
If I should strike him, I know I shall kill him:
And therefore I would haue thee beate him, for
Hee's good for nothing else.
Lilad. His backe
Appeares to me, as it would tire a Beadle,

And then he has a knotted brow, would bruise
A courtlike hand to touch it.
Aym. Hee lookes like
A Curryer when his hides grown deare.
Pont. Take heede he curry not some of you.
Non. Gods me, hee's angry.
Rom. I breake no lests, but I can breake my sword
About your pates. *Enter Charaloyes and*
Lila. Heres more. *Baumont.*
Aym. Come let's bee gone,
VVee are beleaguerd.
Non. Looke they bring vp their troups.
Pont. Will you sit downe with this disgrace?
You are abus'd most grosely.
Lila. I grant you, Sir, we are, and you would haue vs
Stay and be more abus'd.
Non. My Lord, I am sorry,
Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it. *Exeunt.*
Cha. Prethee *Romont*, what caus'd this vprore? *Manent*
Rom. Nothing. *Char. Rom.*
They laugh'd and vs'd their scuruy wits vpon mee.
Char. Come, tis thy Iealous nature: but I wonder
That you which are an honest man and worthy,
Should foster this suspition: no man laughes;
No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st
His conference and his scorne reflects on thee:
For my part they should scoffe their thin wits out,
So I not heard 'em, beate me, not being there.
Leaue, leaue these fits, to conscious men, to such
As are obnoxious, to those foolish things
As they can gibe at.
Rom. VVell, Sir.
Char. Thou art know'n
Valiant without detect, right defin'd,
Which is (as fearing to doe iniury,
As tender to endure it) not a brabbler,
A swearer,

Rom.

Rom. Piſh, piſh, what needs this my Lord?
If I bee knowne none ſuch, how vainly, you
Do caſt away good counſaile? I haue lou'd you,
And yet muſt freely ſpeake: ſo young a tutor,
Fits not ſo old a Souldier as I am.
And I muſt tell you, t'was in your behalfe
I grew inraged thus, yet had rather dye,
Then open the great cauſe a ſyllable further.
Cha. In my behalfe? wherein hath *Charalois*
Vnfitly ſo demean'd himſelfe, to giue
The leaſt occaſion to the looſeſt tongue,
To throw aſperſions on him, or ſo weakely
Protected his owne honor, as it ſhould
Need a defence from any but himſelfe?
They are fooles that iudge me by my outward ſeeming,
Why ſhould my gentleneſſe beget abuſe?
The Lion is not angry that does ſleepe,
Nor euery man a Coward that can weepe.
For Gods ſake ſpeake the cauſe.
Rom. Not for the world.
Oh it will ſtrike diſeaſe into your bones
Beyond the cure of phyſicke, drinke your blood,
Rob you of all your reſt, contract your ſight,
Leaue you no eyes but to ſee miſery,
And of your owne, nor ſpeach but to wiſh thus
Would I had periſh'd in the priſons iawes:
From whence I was redeem'd; twill weare you old,
Before you haue experience in that Art,
That cauſes your affliction.
Cha. Thou doſt ſtrike
A deathfull coldneſſe to my harts high heate,
And ſhrinkſt my liuer like the *Calenture*.
Declare this foe of mine, and lifes, that like
A man I may encounter and ſubdue it,
It ſhall not haue one ſuch effect in me,
As thou denounceſt: with a Souldiers arme,
If it be ſtrength, Ile meet it: if a fault

Belonging to my mind, Ile cut it off
With mine owne reason, as a Scholler should
Speake, though it make mee monstrous.
Rom. Ile dye first.
Farewell, continue merry, and high Heauen
Keepe your wife chaste.
Char. Hump, stay and take this wolfe
Out of my breft, that thou haft lodg'd there, or
For euer loſe mee.
Rom. Loſe not, Sir, your ſelfe.
And I will venture——So the dore is faſt. *Locke*
Now noble *Charaloys*, collect your ſelfe, *the dore.*
Summon your ſpirits, muſter all you ſtrength
That can belong to man, ſift paſſion,
From euery veine, and whatſoeuer enſues,
Vpbraid not me hereafter, as the cauſe of
Iealouſy, diſcontent, ſlaughter and ruine:
Make me not parent to ſinne: you will know
This ſecret that I burne with.
Char. Diuell on't,
What ſhould it be? *Romont*, I heare you wiſh
My wifes continuance of Chaſtity.
Rom. There was no hurt in that.
Cha. Why? do you know a likelyhood or poſſibility
Vnto the contrarie?
Rom. I know it not, but doubt it, theſe the grounds
The ſeruant of your wife now young *Nouall*,
The ſonne vnto your fathers Enemy
(Which aggrauates my preſumption the more)
I haue bin warnd of, touching her, nay, ſeene them
Tye heart to heart, one in anothers armes,
Multiplying kiſſes, as if they meant
To poſe Arithmeticke, or whoſe eyes would
Bee firſt burnt out, with gazing on the others.
I ſaw their mouthes engender, and their palmes
Glew'd, as if Loue had lockt them, their words flow
And melt each others, like two circling flames,

Where

Where chastity, like a Phœnix (me thought) burn'd,
But left the world nor ashes, nor an heire.
Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull flegme,
As if you had no drop of choller mixt
In your whole constitution, thus preuailes,
To fix you now, thus stupid hearing this?
Cha. You did not see 'em on my Couch within,
Like George a horse-backe, on her, nor a bed?
Rom. Noe.
Cha. Ha, ha.
Rom. Laugh yee? seene so did your wife,
And her indulgent father.
Cha. They were wise.
Wouldst ha me be a foole?
Rom. No, but a man.
Cha. There is no dramme of manhood to suspect,
On such thin ayrie circumstance as this
Meere complement and courtship. Was this tale
The hydeous monster which you so conceal'd?
Away, thou curious impertinent
And idle searcher of such leane nice toyes.
Goe, thou sedicious sower of debate:
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroome doubts:
He holdes not worth enough to counteruaile
The vertue and the beauty of his wife.
Thou buzzing drone that 'bout my eares dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose venom, time, nor medicine could asswage.
Thus doe I put thee off, and confident
In mine owne innocency, and desert,
Dare not conceiue her so vnreasonable,
To put *Nouall* in ballance against me,
An vpstart cran'd vp to the height he has?
Hence busiebody, thou'rt no friend to me,
That must be kept to a wiues iniury.
Rom. Ist possible? farewell, fine, honest man,
Sweet temper'd Lord adieu what Apoplexy

Hath knit sence vp? Is this *Romonts* reward?
Beare witnes the great spirit of my father,
With what a healthfull hope I administer
This potion that hath wrought so virulently,
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would
Preuent her *Pracipuce*, to thy dishonour,
Which now thy tardy sluggishnesse will admit.
Would I had seene thee grau'd with thy great Sire,
Ere liue to haue mens marginall fingers point
At *Charaleys*, as a lamented story.
An Emperour put away his wife for touching
Another man, but thou wouldst haue thine tasted
And keepe her (I thinke.) Puffe. I am a fire
To warme a dead man, that waste out my selfe.
Bleed—what a plague, a vengeance i'st to mee,
If you will be a Cuckold? heere I shew
A swords point to thee, this side you may shun,
Or that: the perrill, if you will runne on,
I cannot helpe it.

Cha. Didst thou neuer see me
Angry, *Romont?*

Rom. Yes, and pursue a foe
Like lightening.

Char. Prethee see me so no more.
I can be so againe. Put vp thy sword,
And take thy selfe away, lest I draw mine! (friend,

Rom. Come fright your foes with this: sir, I am your
And dare stand by you thus.

Char. Thou art not my friend,
Or being so, thou art mad, I must not buy
Thy friendship at this rate; had I iust cause,
Thou knowst I durst pursue such iniury
Through fire, ayre, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled againe to *Chaos*, but ther's none.
Thy skill, *Romont*, consists in camps, not courts;
Farewell, vnciuill man, let's meet no more.
Heere our long web of friendship I vntwist.

Shall

Shall I goe whine, walke pale, and locke my wife
For nothing, from her births free liberty,
That open'd mine to me? yes; if I doe
The name of cuckold then, dog me with scorne.
I am a *Frenchman*, no *Italian* borne. *Exit.*
Rom. A dull *Dutch* rather: fall and coole (my blood)
Boyle not in zeale of thy friends hurt, so high,
That is so low, and cold himselfe in't. Woman,
How strong art thou, how easily beguild?
How thou dost racke vs by the very hornes?
Now wealth I see change manners and the man:
Something I must do mine owne wrath to asswage,
And note my friendship to an after-age. *Exit.*

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Nouall Iunior, as newly dressed, a Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Liladam, Aymour, Page.

Nou. MEnd this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. oh fie vpon't, O Lard, hee has made me smell (for all the world) like a flaxe, or a red headed womans chamber: powder, powder, powder.

Perf. Oh sweet Lord! *Nouall sits in a chaire,*
Page. That's his Perfumer. *Barber orders his haire,*
Tayl. Oh deare Lord, *Perfumer gives powder,*
Page. That's his Taylor. *Taylor sets his clothes.*

Nou. *Monsieur Liladam*, & *Aymour*, how allow you the modell of these clothes?

Aym. Admirably, admirably, oh sweet Lord! assuredly it's pitty the wormes should eate thee.

Page. Here's a fine Cell; a Lord, a Taylor, a Perfumer, a Barber, and a paire of *Mounsieurs*: 3 to 3, as little will in the one, as honesty in the other. S'foote ile into the country againe, learne to speake truth, drinke Ale, and conuerse with

my fathers Tenants; here I heare nothing all day; but vpon my soule as I am a Gentleman, and an honest man.

Aym. I vow and affirme, your Taylor must needs be an expert Geometrician, he has the Longitude, Latitude, Altitude, Profundity, euery Demension of your body, so exquisitely, here's a lace layd as directly, as if truth were a Taylor.

Page. That were a miracle.

Lila. With a haire breadth's errour, ther's a shoulder piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in *puncto.*

Aym. You are right, Mounsieur his vestaments sit: as if they grew vpon him, or art had wrought 'em on the same loome, as nature fram'd his Lordship as if your Taylor were deepely read in Astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body, with a *Iacobs* staffe, an *Ephimerides.*

Tayl. I am bound t'ee Gentlemen.

Page. You are deceiu'd, they'l be bound to you, you must remember to trust 'em none.

Nou. Nay, fayth, thou art a reasonable neat Artificer, giue the diuell his due.

Page. I, if hee would but cut the coate according to the cloth still.

Nou. I now want onely my misters approbation, who is indeed, the most polite punctuall Queene of dressing in all *Burgundy.* Pah, and makes all other young Ladies appeare, as if they came from boord last weeke out of the country, Is't not true, *Liladam?*

Lila. True my Lord, as if any thing your Lordship could say, could be otherwise then true.

Nou. Nay, a my soule, 'tis so, what fouler obiect in the world, then to see a young faire, handsome beauty, vnhandsomely dighted and incongruently accoutred; or a hopefull *Cheualier*, vnmethodically appointed, in the externall ornaments of nature? For euen as the Index tels vs the contents of Stories, and directs to the particular Chapters, euen so doe's

does the outward habit and superficiall order of garments (in man or woman) giue vs a taſt of the ſpirit, and demonſtratiuely poynt (as it were a manuall note from the margin) all the internall quality, and habiliment of the ſoule, and there cannot be a more euident, palpable, groſſe manifeſtation of poore degenerate dunghilly blood, and breeding, then rude, vnpoliſh'd, diſordered and ſlouenly outſide.

Page. An admirable lecture. Oh all you gallants, that hope to be ſaued by your cloathes, edify, edify.

Aym. By the Lard, ſweet Lard, thou deſeru'ſt a penſion o'the State.

Page. Oth' Taylors, two ſuch Lords were able to ſpread Taylors ore the face of a whole kingdome.

Non. Pox a this glaſſe lit flatters, I could find in my heart to breake it.

Page. O ſaue the glaſſe my Lord, and breake their heads, they are the greater flatterers I aſſure you.

Aym. Flatters, detracts, impayres, yet put it by,
Leſt thou deare Lord (*Narciſſus*-like) ſhould doate
Vpon thy ſelfe, and dye; and rob the world
Of natures copy, that ſhe workes forme by.

Lila. Oh that I were the Infanta Queene of Europe,
Who (but thy ſelfe ſweete Lord) ſhouldſt marry me.

Non. I marry? were there a Queene oth' world, not I.
Wedlocke? no padlocke, horſlocke, I weare ſpurrs *He capers.*
To keepe it off my heeles; yet my *Aymour*,
Like a free wanton iennet i'th meddows,
I looke about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,
Feed in my neighbours paſtures, picke my choyce
Of all their faire-maind-mares: but married once,
A man is ſtak'd, or pown'd, and cannot graze
Beyond his owne hedge.

Enter Pontallier, and Malotin.

Pont. I haue waited, ſir,
Three houres to ſpeake w'ee, and not take it well,
Such magpies, are admitted, whilſt I daunce
Attendance.

Lila. Magpies? what d'ee take me for?
Pont. A long thing with a most vnpromising face.
Aym. I'll ne're aske him, what he takes me for?
Mal. Doe not, sir,
For hee'l goe neere to tell you.
Pont. Art not thou a Barber Surgeon?
Barb. Yes sira why?
Pont. My Lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.
Lila. Aym. Humph——
Pont. I prethee cure him of 'em.
Nou. Pish: no more,
Thy gall sure's ouerthrowne; these are my Councell,
And we were now in serious discourse.
Pont. Of perfume and apparell, can you rise
And spend 5 houres in dressing talke, with these?
Nou. Thou 'ldst haue me be a dog: vp, stretch and shake,
And ready for all day.
Pont. Sir, would you be
More curious in preseruing of your honour.
Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake
Your reputation, from this lethargy
You let it sleepe in, to perswade, importune,
Nay, to prouoke you, sir, to call to account
This Collonell *Romont*, for the foule wrong
Which like a burthen, he hath layd on you,
And like a drunken porter, you sleepe vnder.
'Tis all the towne talkes, and beleeue, sir,
If your tough sence persist thus, you are vndone,
Vtterly lost, you will be scornd and baffled
By euery Lacquay; season now your youth,
With one braue thing, and it shall keep the odour
Euen to your death, beyond, and on your Tombe,
Sent like sweet oyles and Frankincense; sir, this life
Which once you sau'd, I ne're since counted mine,
I borrow'd it of you; and now will pay it;
I tender you the sernice of my sword
To beare your challenge, if you'l write, your fate:

Ile

Ile make mine owne: what ere betide you, I
That haue liu'd by you, by your side will dye.

Nou. Ha, ha, would'st ha' me challenge poore *Romont*?
Fight with close breeches, thou mayst thinke I dare not.
Doe not mistake me (cooze) I am very valiant,
But valour shall not make me such an Asse.
What vse is there of valour (now a dayes?)
Tis sure, or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.
Fight thou as thy minde moues thee, 'tis thy trade,
Thou hast nothing else to doe; fight with *Romont*?
No, i'le not fight vnder a Lord.

Pont. Farewell, sir, I pitty you.
Such louing Lords walke their dead honours graues,
For no companions fit, but fooles and knaues.
Come *Malotin*. *Exeunt Pont. Mal.*

Enter Romont.

Lila. 'Sfoot, *Colbran*, the low gyant.

Aym. He has brought a battaile in his face, let's goe.

Page. *Colbran* d'ee call him? hee'l make some of you smoake, I beleeue.

Rom. By your leaue, sirs.

Aym. Are you a Consort?

Rom. D'ee take me for
A fidler? ya're deceiu'd: looke. Ile pay you. *Kickes 'em.*

Page. It seemes he knows you one, he bumfiddles you so.

Lila. Was there euer so base a fellow?

Aym. A rascall?

Lila. A most vnciuill Groome?

Aym. Offer to kicke a Gentleman, in a Noblemans chamber? A pox of your manners.

Lila. Let him alone, let him alone, thou shalt lose thy arme, fellow: if wee stirre against thee, hang vs.

Page. S'foote, I thinke they haue the better on him, though they be kickd, they talke so.

Lila. Let's leaue the mad Ape.

Nou. Gentlemen.

Lilad. Nay, my Lord, we will not offer to dishonour you

so much as to stay by you, since hee's alone.

Nou. Harke you.

Aym. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you, so much as to take your Lordships quarrell in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands.

Page. Ile eene away with 'em, for this souldier beates man, woman, and child. *Exeunt. Manent Nou. Rom.*

Nou. What meane you, sir? My people.

Rom. Your boye's gone, *Lockes the doore.*
And doore's lockt, yet for no hurt to you,
But priuacy: call vp your blood againe, sir, be not affraid, I do
Beseech you, sir, (and therefore come) without more cir-
Tell me how farre the passages haue gone (cumstance
'Twixt you, and your faire Mistresse *Beaumelle*.
Tell me the truth, and by my hope of Heauen
It neuer shall goe further.

Nou. Tell you why sir?
Are you my confessor?

Rom. I will be your confounder, if you doe not. *Drawes a*
Stirre not, nor spend your voyce. *pocket dag.*

Nou. What will you doe?

Rom. Nothing but lyne your brayne-pan, sir, with lead,
If you not satisfie me suddenly,
I am desperate of my life, and command yours.

Nou. Hold, hold, ile speake. I vow to heauen and you,
Shee's yet vntouch't, more then her face and hands:
I cannot call her innocent; for I yeeld
On my sollicitous wrongs she consented
Where time and place met oportunity
To grant me all requests.

Rom. But may I build on this assurance?

Nou. As vpon your fayth. *Drawes Inkehorne*

Rom. Write this, sir, nay you must, *and paper.*

Nou. Pox of this Gunne.

Rom. Withall, sir, you must sweare, and put your oath
Vnder your hand, (shake not) ne're to frequent
This Ladies company, nor euer send

Token,

Token, or message, or letter, to incline
This (too much prone already) yeelding Lady.
Nou. 'Tis done, sir.
Rom. Let me see, this first is right,
And here you wish a sudden death may light
Vpon your body, and hell take your soule,
If euer more you see her, but by chance,
Much lesse allure her. Now, my Lord, your hand.
Nou. My hand to this?
Rom. Your heart else I assure you.
Nou. Nay, there 'tis.
Rom. So keepe this last article
Of your fayth giuen, and stead of threatnings, sir,
The seruice of my sword and life is yours:
But not a word of it, 'tis Fairies treasure;
Which but reueal'd, brings on the blabbers, ruine.
Vse your youth better, and this excellent forme (Lordship.
Heauen hath bestowed vpon you. So good morrow to your
Nou. Good diuell to your rogueship. No man's safe:
Ile haue a Cannon planted in my chamber, *Exit.*
Against such roaring roagues.

Enter Bellapert.

Bell. My Lord away
The Coach stayes: now haue your wish, and iudge,
If I haue beene forgetfull.
Nou. Ha?
Bell. D'ee stand
Humming and hawing now? *Exit.*
Nou. Sweete wench, I come.
Hence feare,
I swore, that's all one, my next oath 'ile keepe
That I did meane to breake, and then 'tis quit.
No paine is due to louers periury.
If loue himselfe laugh at it, so will I. *Exit Nouall.*

Scæna 2. Enter Charaloys, Baumont.

Bau. I grieue for the distaste, though I haue manners,

Not

Not to inquire the cause, falne out betweene
Your Lordship and *Roment*.
Cha. I loue a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds
Prescrib'd by friendship, but when he vsurpes
Too farre on what is proper to my selfe,
And puts the habit of a Gouernor on,
I must and will preserue my liberty.
But speake of something, else this is a theame
I take no pleasure in: what's this *Aymeire*,
Whose voyce for Song, and excellent knowledge in
The chiefest parts of Musique, you bestow
Such prayses on?
Bau. He is a Gentleman,
(For so his quality speakes him) well receiu'd
Among our greatest Gallants; but yet holds
His maine dependance from the young Lord *Novall*:
Some trickes and crotchets he has in his head,
As all Musicians haue, and more of him
I dare not author: but when you haue heard him,
I may presume, your Lordship so will like him,
That you'l hereafter be a friend to Musique.
Cha. I neuer was an enemy to't, *Baumont*,
Nor yet doe I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old Captaines, that thought nothing musicall,
But cries of yeelding enemies, neighing of horses,
Clashing of armour, lowd shouts, drums, and trumpets:
Nor on the other side in fauour of it,
Affirme the world was made by musicall discord,
Or that the happinesse of our life consists
In a well varied note vpon the Lute:
I loue it to the worth of it, and no further.
But let vs see this wonder.
Bau. He preuents my calling of him.
Aym. Let the Coach be brought *Enter Aymeire.*
To the backe gate, and serue the banquet vp:
My good Lord *Charalois*, I thinke my house

Much

Much honor'd in your presence.

Cha. To haue meanes,
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither
A willing visitant, and you'l crowne my welcome
In making me a witnesse to your skill,
Which crediting from others I admire.

Aym. Had I beene one houre sooner made acquainted
With your intent my Lord, you should haue found me
Better prouided; now such as it is,
Pray you grace with your acceptance.

Bau. You are modest.

Aym. Begin the last new ayre.

Cha. Shall we not see them?

Aym. This little distance from the instruments
Will to your eares conuey the harmony
With more delight. *Cha.* Ile not consent.

Aym. Y'are tedious,
By this meanes shall I with one banquet please
Two companies, those within and these Guls heere.

Song aboue.

Musique and a Song, Beaumelle within—ha, ha, ha.

Cha. How's this? It is my Ladies laugh! most certaine
When I first pleas'd her, in this merry language,
She gaue me thanks.

Bau. How like you this?

Cha. 'Tis rare,
Yet I may be deceiu'd, and should be sorry
Vpon vncertaine suppositions, rashly
To write my selfe in the blacke list of those
I haue declaym'd against, and to *Roment.*

Aym. I would he were well of—perhaps your Lordship
Likes not these sad tunes, I haue a new Song
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;
'Tis cal'd The happy husband.

Cha. Pray sing it.

Song below. At the end of the Song, Beaumelle within.

Beau. Ha, ha, 'tis such a groome.

Ca. Doe I heare this, and yet ſtand doubtfull? *Exit*
Aym. Stay him I am vndone, *Chara.*
And they diſcouered.
Ban. Whats the matter?
Aym. Ah!
That women, when they are well pleas'd, cannot hold,
But muſt laugh out. *Enter Nouell Iu. Charalois,*
Nou. Helpe, ſaue me, murther, murther. *Beaumely,*
Bea. Vndone forever. *Bellapert.*
Cha. Oh, my heart!
Hold yet a little —— doe not hope to ſcape
By flight, it is impoſſible: though I might
On all aduantage take thy life, and iuſtly;
This ſword, my fathers ſword, that nere was drawne,
But to a noble purpoſe, ſhall not now
Doe th' office of a hangman, I reſerue it
To right mine honour, not for a reuenge
So poore, that though with thee, it ſhould cut off
Thy family, with all that are allyed
To thee in luſt, or baſeneſſe, 'twere ſtill ſhort of
All termes of ſatisfaction. Draw.
Nou. I dare not,
I haue already done you too much wrong,
To fight in ſuch a cauſe.
Cha. Why, dareſt thou neyther
Be honeſt, coward, nor yet valiant, knaue?
In ſuch a cauſe come doe not ſhame thy ſelfe:
Such whoſe bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themſelues
Could neuer heate, are yet in the defence
Of their whores, daring looke on her againe.
You thought her worth the hazard of your ſoule,
And yet ſtand doubtfull in her quarrell, to
Venture your body.
Ban. No, he feares his cloaths, more then his fleſh
Cha. Keepe from me, garde thy life,
Or as thou haſt liu'd like a goate, thou ſhalt
Dye like a ſheepe, *Nou.*

Nou. Since ther's no remedy *They fight, Nouall*
Despaire of safety now in me proue courage. *is slaine.*
Cha. How soone weak wrong's or'throwne! lend me your
Beare this to the Caroach—come, you haue taught me (hand,
To say you must and shall: I wrong you not,
Y'are but to keepe him company you loue.
Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care,
All you can apprehend within the house
May be forth comming. Do I appeare much mou'd?
Bar. No, sir.
Cha. My griefes are now, Thus to be borne
Hereafter ile finde time and place to mourne.

Exeunt.

Scæna 3. Enter Romont, Pontalier.

Pont. I was bound to seeke you, sir.
Rom. And had you found me
In any place, but in the streete, I should
Haue done, —not talk'd to you. Are you the Captaine?
The hopefull *Pontalier?* whom I haue seene
Doe in the field such seruice, as then made you
Their enuy that commanded, here at home
To play the parasite to a gilded knaue,
And it may be the Pander.
Pont. Without this
I come to call you to account, for what
Is past already. I by your example
Of thankfulnesse to the dead Generall
By whom you were rais'd, haue practis'd to be so
To my good Lord *Nouall*, by whom I liue;
Whose least disgrace that is, or may be offred,
With all the hazzard of my life and fortunes,
I will make good on you, or any man,
That has a hand in't; and since you allowe me
A Gentleman and a souldier, there's no doubt
You will except against me. You shall meete
With a faire enemy, you vnderstand
The right I looke for, and must haue.

Rom. I doe,
And with the next dayes sunne you shall heare from me.
Exeunt.

Scena 4. Enter Charalois with a casket, Beaumelle, Baumont.

Cha. Pray beare this to my father, at his leasure
He may peruse it: but with your best language
Intreat his instant presence: you haue sworne
Not to reueale what I haue done.

Bau. Nor will I — but —

Cha. Doubt me not, by Heauen, I will doe nothing
But what may stand with honour: Pray you leaue me
To my owne thoughts. If this be to me, rise;
I am not worthy the looking on, but onely
To feed contempt and scorne, and that from you
Who with the losse of your faire name haue caus'd it,
Were too much cruelty.

Beau. I dare not moue you
To heare me speake, I know my fault is farre
Beyond qualification, or excuse,
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To thinke of mercy; onely I presume
To intreate, you would be pleas'd to looke vpon
My sorrow for it, and beleeue, these teares
Are the true children of my griefe and not
A womans cunning.

Cha. Can you *Beaumelle*,
Hauing deceiued so great a trust as mine,
Though I were all credulity, hope againe
To get beleefe? no, no, if you looke on me
With pity or dare practise any meanes
To make my sufferings lesse, or giue iust cause
To all the world, to thinke what I must doe,
Was cal'd vpon by you, vse other waies,
Deny what I haue seene, or iustifie
What you haue done, and as you desperately
Made shipwracke of your fayth to be a whore,
Vse th' armes of such a one, and such defence,
And multiply the sinne, with impudence,

Stand

Stand boldly vp, and tell me to my teeth,
You haue done but what's warranted,
By great examples, in all places, where
Women inhabit, vrge your owne deserts,
Or want of me in merit; tell me how,
Your dowre from the low gulfe of pouerty,
Weighd vp my fortunes, to what now they are:
That I was purchas'd by your choyse, and practise
To shelter you from shame: that you might sinne
As boldly as securely, that poore men
Are married to those wiues that bring them wealth,
One day their husbands, but obseruers euer:
That when by this prou'd vsage you haue blowne
The fire of my iust vengeance to the height,
I then may kill you: and yet say 'twas done
In heate of blood, and after die my selfe,
To witnesse my repentance.

Beau. O my fate,
That neuer would consent that I should see,
How worthy thou wert both of loue and duty
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glasse, in which I now behold your vertue:
While I was good, I was a part of you,
And of two, by the vertuous harmony
Of our faire mindes, made one: but since I wandred
In the forbidden Labyrinth of lust,
What was inseparable, is by me diuided.
With iustice therefore you may cut me off,
And from your memory, wash the remembrance
That ere I was like to some vicious purpose
Within your better iudgement, you repent of
And study to forget.

Cha. O *Beaumelle*,
That you can speake so well, and doe so ill!
But you had bin too great a blessing, if
You had continued chast: see how you force me
To this, because mine honour will not yeeld

That I againe should loue you. *Beau.* In this life
It is not fit you should: yet you shall finde,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet liue one: let those fam'd matrones
That are canoniz'd worthy of our sex,
Transcend me in their sanctity of life,
Iyet will equall them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that when I am dead, you will forgiue me.

Cha. How pity steales vpon me! should I heare her
But ten words more, I were lost--one knocks, go in. *Knock within.*
That to be mercifull should be a sinne.
O, sir, most welcome. Let me take your cloake, *Exit Beaumelle.*
I must not be denyed---here are your robes,
As you loue iustice once more put them on. *Enter Rochfort.*
There is a cause to be determind of
That doe's require such an integrity,
As you haue euer vs'd--ile put you to
The tryall of your constancy, and goodnesse:
And looke that you that haue beene Eagle-eyd
In other mens affaires, proue not a Mole
In what concernes your selfe. Take you your seate:
I will be for you presently. *Exit.*

Roch. Angels guard me,
To what strange Tragedy does this destruction
Serue for a Prologue? *Enter Charalois, with Nonals*
Cha. So, set it downe before *body, Beaumelle, Beaumont.*
The Iudgement seate, and stand you at the bar:
For me? I am the accuser. *Roch. Nonall* slayne,
And *Beaumelle* my daughter in the place
Of one to be arraign'd.

Cha. O, are you touch'd?
I finde that I must take an other course,
Feare nothing. I will onely blinde your eyes,
For Iustice should do so, when 'tis to meete
An obiect that may sway her equall doome

From

From what it should be aim'd at. —— Good my Lord,
A day of hearing.

Roch. It is granted, speake —— you shall haue iustice.

Cha. I then here accuse,
Most equall Iudge, the prisoner your faire Daughter.
For whom I owed so much to you, your daughter,
So worthy in her owne parts: and that worth
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,
Truth witnesse with me, in the place of seruice
I almost pay'd Idolatrous sacrifice
To be a false adultresse.

Roch. With whom?

Cha. With this *Nouall* here dead.

Roch. Be wel aduis'd
And ere you say adultresse againe,
Her fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.

Cha. I tooke them in the act.
I know no proofe beyond it.

Roch. O my heart.

Cha. A Iudge should feele no passions.

Roch. Yet remember
He is a man, and cannot put off nature.
What answere makes the prisoner?

Beau. I confesse
The fact I am charg'd with, and yeeld my selfe
Most miserably guilty.

Roch. Heauen take mercy
Vpon your soule then: it must leaue your body.
Now free mine eyes, I dare vnmou'd looke on her,
And fortifie my sentence, with strong reasons.
Since that the politique law prouides that seruants,
To whose care we commit our goods shall die,
If they abuse our trust: what can you looke for,
To whose charge this most hopefull Lord gaue vp
All hee receiu'd from his braue Ancestors,
Or he could leaue to his posterity?
His Honour, wicked woman, in whose safety

All

All this life's ioyes, and comforts were locked vp,
With thy luſt, a theefe hath now ſtolne from him,
And therefore——

Cha. Stay, iuſt Iudge, may not what's loſt
By her owne fault, (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her faire life hereafter?

Roch. Neuer, Sir.
The wrong that's done to the chaſte married bed,
Repentant teares can neuer expiate,
And be aſſured, to pardon ſuch a ſinne,
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

Cha. I may not then forgiue her.

Roch. Nor ſhe hope it.
Nor can ſhee wiſh to liue no ſunne ſhall riſe,
But ere it ſet, ſhall ſhew her vgly luſt
In a new ſhape, and euery on more horrid:
Nay, euen thoſe prayers, which with ſuch humble feruor
She ſeemes to ſend vp yonder, are beate backe,
And all ſuites, which her penitence can proffer,
As ſoone as made, are with contempt throwne
Off all the courts of mercy. *He kils her.*

Cha. Let her die then.
Better prepar'd I am. Sure I could not take her,
Nor ſhe accuſe her father, as a Iudge
Partiall againſt her.

Beau. I approue his ſentence,
And kiſſe the executioner: my luſt
Is now run from me in that blood, in which
It was begot and nouriſhed.

Roch. Is ſhe dead then?

Cha. Yes, ſir, this is her heart blood, is it not?
I thinke it be.

Roch. And you haue kild her?

Cha. True, and did it by your doome

Roch. But I pronounc'd it
As a Iudge onely, and friend to iuſtice,

And zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,
Broke all the tyes of nature: and cast off
The loue and soft affection of a father.
I in your cause, put on a Scarlet robe
Of red died cruelty, but in returne,
You haue aduanc'd for me no flag of mercy:
I look'd on you, as a wrong'd husband, but
You clos'd your eyes against me, as a father.
O *Beaumelle*, my daughter.

Cha. This is madnesse.

Roch. Keep from me--could not one good thought rise vp,
To tell you that she was my ages comfort,
Begot by a weake man, and borne a woman,
And could not therefore, but partake of frailety?
Or wherefore did not thankfulnesse step forth,
To vrge my many merits, which I may
Obiect vnto you, since you proue vngratefull,
Flinty-hearted *Charaloys*?

Cha. Nature does preuaile aboue your vertue.

Roch. No: it giues me eyes,
To pierce the heart of designe against me.
I finde it now, it was my state was aym'd at,
A nobler match was sought for, and the houres
I liu'd, grew teadious to you: my compassion
Towards you hath rendred me most miserable,
And foolish charity vndone my selfe:
But ther's a Heauen aboue, from whose iust wreake
No mists of policy can hide offenders. *Enter Nouall se.*

Nou. se. Force ope the doors--O monster, caniball, *with*
Lay hold on him, my sonne, my sonne,--O *Rochfort, Officers.*
'Twas you gaue liberty to this bloody wolfe
To worry all our comforts,——But this is
No time to quarrell; now giue your assistance
For the reuenge.

Roch. Call it a fitter name—Iustice for innocent blood.

Cha. Though all conspire
Against that life which I am weary of,

A little longer yet ile ſtriue to keepe it,
To ſhew in ſpite of malice, and their lawes,
His plea muſt ſpeed that hath an honeſt cauſe. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Liladam, Taylor, Officers.

Lila.

WHy 'tis both moſt vnconſcionable, and vntimely,
T'arreſt a gallant for his cloaths, before
He has worne them out: beſides you ſayd you ask'd
My name in my Lords bond but for me onely,
And now you'l lay me vp for't. Do not thinke
The taking meaſure of a cuſtomer
By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait
Neuer ſo patiently, will proue a faſhion
Which any Courtier or Inmes of court man
Would follow willingly.

Tayl. There I beleeue you.
But ſir, I muſt haue preſent moneys, or
Aſſurance to ſecure me, when I ſhall. ——
Or I will ſee to your comming forth.

Lila. Plague on't,
You haue prouided for my enterance in:
That comming forth you talke of, concernes me.
What ſhall I doe? you haue done me a diſgrace
In the arreſt, but more in giuing cauſe
To all the ſtreet, to thinke I cannot ſtand
Without theſe two ſupporters for my armes:
Pray you let them looſe me: for their ſatisfaction
I will not run away.

Tayl. For theirs you will not,
But for your owne you would; looke to them fellows.

Lila. Why doe you call them fellows? doe not wrong

Your

Your reputation ſo, as you are meerely
A Taylor, faythfull, apt to beleeue in Gallants
You are a companion at a ten crowne ſupper
For cloth of bodkin, and may with one Larke
Eate vp three manchets, and no man obſerue you;
Or call your trade in queſtion for't. But when
You ſtudy your debt-booke, and hold correſpondence
With officers of the hanger, and leane ſwordmen,
The learned conclude, the Taylor and Sergeant
In the expreſſion of a knaue are theſe
To be *Synonima*. Looke therefore to it,
And let vs part in peace, I would be loth
You ſhould vndoe your ſelfe,
Tayl. To let you goe *Enter old Nouall, and Pontalier.*
Were the next way.
But ſee! heeres your old Lord,
Let him but giue his word I ſhall be paide,
And you are free.
Lola. S' lid, I will put him to't:
I can be but denied: or what ſay you?
His Lordſhip owing me three times your debt;
If you arreſt him at my ſuite, and let me
Goe run before to ſee the action entred.
'Twould be a witty ieſt.
Tayl. I muſt haue erneſt:
I cannot pay my debts ſo.
Pont. Can your Lordſhip
Imagine, while I liue and weare a ſword,
Your ſonnes death ſhall be reueng'd?
Nou. ſe. I know not
One reaſon why you ſhould not doe like others:
I am ſure, of all the herd that fed vpon him,
I cannot ſee in any, now hee's gone,
In pitty or in thankfulneſſe one true ſigne
Of ſorrow for him.
Pont. All his bounties yet
Fell not in ſuch vnthankefull ground: 'tis true

He had weakenesses, but such as few are free from,
And though none sooth'd them lesse then I: for now
To say that I foresaw the dangers that
Would rise from cherishing them, were but vntimely.
I yet could wish the iustice that you seeke for
In the reuenge, had bin trusted to me,
And not the vncertaine issue of the lawes:
'Tas rob'd me of a noble testimony
Of what I durst doe for him: but howeuer,
My forfait life redeem'd by him though dead,
Shall doe him seruice.

Nou.se. As farre as my griefe
Will giue me leaue, I thanke you.

Lila. Oh my Lord,
Oh my good Lord, deliuer me from these furies.

Pont. Arrested? This is one of them whose base
And obiect flattery helpt to digge his graue:
He is not worth your pitty, nor my anger.
Goe to the basket and repent.

Nou.se. Away I onely know now to hate thee deadly:
I will doe nothing for thee.

Lila. Nor you, Captaine.

Pont. No, to your trade againe, put off this case,
It may be the discouering what you were,
When your vnfortunate master tooke you vp,
May moue compassion in your creditor.
Confesse the truth. *Exit Nouall se. Pont.*

Lila. And now I thinke on't better;
I will, brother, your hand, your hand, sweet brother.
I am of your sect, and my gallantry but a dreame,
Out of which these two fearefull apparitions
Against my will haue wak'd me. This rich sword
Grew suddenly out of a taylors bodkin;
These hangers from my vailes and fees in Hell:
And where as now this beauer sits, full often
A thrifty cape compos'd of broad cloth lists,
Nere kin vnto the cushion where I sate

Crosse-

Crosse-leg'd, and yet vngartred, hath beene seene,
Our breakefasts famous for the buttred loaues,
I haue with ioy bin oft acquainted with,
And therefore vse a conscience, though it be
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
To me that as I haue beene, will againe
Be of the brotherhood.

Offi. I know him now:
He was a prentice to *Le Robe* at *Orleance*. (dead,

Lila. And from thence brought by my young Lord, now
Vnto *Dijon*, and with him till this houre
Hath bin receiu'd here for a compleate Mounsieur:
Nor wonder at it: for but tythe our gallants,
Euen those of the first ranke, and you will finde
In euery ten, one: peraduenture two,
That smell ranke of the dancing schoole, or fiddle,
The pantofle or pressing yron: but hereafter
Weele talke of this. I will surrender vp
My suites againe: there cannot be much losse,
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with ones
Additions more you know of, and what wants
I will worke out.

Tayl. Then here our quarrell ends.
The gallant is turn'd Taylor, and all friends. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Romont, Baumont.*

Rom. You haue them ready.

Bau. Yes, and they will speake
Their knowledg in this cause, when thou think'st fit
To haue them cal'd vpon.

Rom. 'Tis well, and something
I can adde to their euidence, to proue
This braue reuenge, which they would haue cal'd murther,
A noble Iustice.

Bau. In this you expresse
(The breach by my Lords want of you, new made vp)
A faythfull friend.

Rom. That friendship's rays'd on sand,

Which euery sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions can change,
As if it nere had bin: but doe you know
Who are to sit on him?
Ban. Mounsieur *Dn Croy*
Assisted by *Charmi.*
Rom. The Aduocate
That pleaded for the Marshalls funerall,
And was checkt for it by *Nouall.*
Ban. The same.
Rom. How fortunes that?
Ban. Why, sir, my Lord *Nouall*
Being the accuser, cannot be the Iudge,
Nor would grieue *Rochfort*, but Lord *Charaloys*
(How-euer he might wrong him by his power,)
Should haue an equall hearing.
Rom. By my hopes
Of *Charaloys* acquitall, I lament
That reuerent old mans fortune.
Ban. Had you seene him,
As to my griefe I haue now promis'd patience,
And ere it was beleeu'd, though spake by him
That neuer brake his word, intag'd againe
So far as to make warre vpon those heires,
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious feare,
As something sacred, and then curse his daughter,
But with more frequent violence himselfe,
As if he had bin guilty of her fault,
By being incredulous of your report,
You would not onely iudge him worthy pitty,
But suffer with him. *Enter Charaloys, with*
But heere comes the prisoner, *Officers.*
I dare not stay to doe my duty to him,
Yet rest assur'd, all possible meanes in me
To doe him seruice, keepes you company. *Exit Ban.*
Rom. It is not doubted.

Cha:

Cha. Why, yet as I came hither,
The people apt to mocke calamity,
And tread on the oppreſs'd, made no hornes at me,
Though they are too familiar: I deſerue them.
And knowing what blood my ſword hath drunke
In wreake of that diſgrace, they yet forbare
To ſhake their heads, or to reuile me for
A murtherer, they rather all put on
(As for great loſſes the old *Romans* vs'd)
A generall face of ſorrow, waighted on
By a ſad murmur breaking through their ſilence,
And no eye but was readier with a teare
To witneſſe 'twas ſhed for me, then I could
Diſcerne a face made vp with ſcorne againſt me.
Why ſhould I then, though for vnuſuall wrongs
I choſe vnuſuall meanes to right thoſe wrongs,
Condemne my ſelfe, as ouer-partiall
In my owne cauſe *Remont*?

Rem. Beſt friend, well met,
By my hearts loue to you, and ioyne to that,
My thankfulneſſe that ſtill liues to the dead,
I looke vpon you now with more true ioy,
Then when I ſaw you married.

Cha. You haue reaſon
To giue you warrant for't; my falling off
From ſuch a friendſhip with the ſcorne that anſwered
Your too prophetick counſell, may well moue you
To thinke, your meeting me going to my death,
A fit encounter for that hate which iuſtly
I haue deſeru'd from you.

Rem. Shall I ſtill then
Speake truth, and be ill vnderſtood?

Cha. You are not.
I am conſcious, I haue wrong'd you, and allow me
Onely a morall man to looke on you,
Whom fooliſhly I haue abus'd and iniur'd,
Muſt of neceſſity be more terrible to me,

Then

Then any death the Iudges can pronounce
From the tribunall which I am to plead at,

Rom. Passion transports you.

Cha. For what I haue done
To my false Lady, or *Nouall*, I can
Giue some apparent cause: but touching you,
In my defence, childlike, I can say nothing,
But I am sorry for't, a poore satisfaction:
And yet mistake me not: for it is more
Then I will speake, to haue my pardon sign'd
For all I stand accus'd of.

Rom. You much weaken the strength of your good cause.
Should you but thinke
A man for doing well could entertaine
A pardon, were it offred, you haue giuen
To blinde and slow-pac'd iustice, wings, and eyes
To see and ouertake impieties,
Which from a cold proceeding had receiu'd
Indulgence or protection.

Cha. Thinke you so?

Rom. Vpon my soule nor should the blood you chalenge
And tooke to cure your honour, breed more scruple
In your soft conscience, then if your sword
Had bin sheath'd in a Tygre, or she Beare,
That in their bowels would haue made your tombe
To iniure innocence is more then murther:
But when inhumane lusts transforme vs, then
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men
To be lamented. Nor did *Charalois* euer
Performe an act so worthy the applause
Of a full theater of perfect men,
As he hath done in this: the glory got
By ouerthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are maine sharers in it,
We cannot but by pieces call our owne:
But when we conquer our inteſtine foes,
Our passions breed within vs, and of those

The most rebellious tyrant powerfull loue,
Our reason suffering vs to like no longer
Then the faire obiect being good deserues it,
That's a true victory, which, were great men
Ambitious to atchieue, by your example
Setting no price vpon the breach of fayth,
But losse of life, 'twould fright adultery
Out of their families, and make lust appeare
As lothsome to vs in the first consent,
As when 'tis wayted on by punishment.

Cha. You haue confirm'd me. Who would loue a woman
That might inioy in such a man, a friend?
You haue made me know the iustice of my cause,
And mark't me out the way, how to defend it.

Rom. Continue to that resolution constant,
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,
Come off with honour. Heere they come.

Cha. I am ready.

Scæna 3. *Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Nonall sen. Pontalier, Baumont.*

Non. sen. See, equall Iudges, with what confidence
The cruell murtherer stands, as if he would
Outface the Court and Iustice!

Roch. But looke on him,
And you shall finde, for still methinks I doe,
Though guilt hath dide him black, something good in him,
That may perhaps worke with a wiser man
Then I haue beene, againe to set him free
And giue him all he has.

Charmi. This is not well.
I would you had liu'd so, my Lord that I,
Might rather haue continu'd your poore seruant,
Then sit here as your Iudge.

Du Croy. I am sorry for you.

Roch. In no act of my life I haue deserv'd
This iniury from the court, that any heere

Should thus vnciuilly vsurpe on what
Is proper to me only.
Du Cr. What distaste
Receiues my Lord?
Roch. You say you are sorry for him:
A griefe in which I must not haue a partner.
'Tis I alone am sorry, that I rays'd
The building of my life for seuenty yeeres
Vpon so sure a ground, that all the vices
Practis'd to ruine man, though brought against me,
Could neuer vndermine, and no way left
To send these gray haires to the graue with sorrow.
Vertue that was my patroneſſe, betrayd me:
For entring, nay, possessing this young man,
It lent him such a powerfull Maiesty
To grace what ere he vndertooke, that freely
I gaue my selfe vp with my liberty,
To be at his disposing; had his person,
Louely I must confesse, or far fain'd valour,
Or any other seeming good, that yet
Holds a neere neyghbour-hood, with ill wrought on me,
I might haue borne it better: but when goodnesse
And piety it selfe in her best figure
Were brib'd to by destruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to suffer like a man,
Or rather act a woman?
Bau. Good my Lord.
Nou. You hinder our proceeding.
Charmi. And forget
The parts of an accuser.
Bau. Pray you remember
To vse the temper which to me you promis'd;
Roch. Angels themselues must breake *Banment*, that pro-
Beyond the strength and patience of Angels. (mise
But I haue done, my good Lord, pardon me
A weake old man, and pray adde to that

A miserable father, yet be carefull
That your compassion of my age, nor his,
Moue you to any thing, that may dis-become
The place on which you sit
Charmi. Read the Inditement.
Cha. It shall be needelesse, I my selfe, my Lords,
Will be my owne accuser, and confesse
All they can charge me with, or will I spare
To aggrauate that guilt with circumstance
They seeke to loade me with: onely I pray,
That as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing:
I may not be, denide it for my selfe,
When I shall vrge by what vnanswerable reasons
I was compel'd to what I did, which yet
Till you haue taught me better, I repent not.
Roch. The motion honest.
Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.
Cha. Then I confesse my Lords, that I stood bound,
When with my friends, euen hope it selfe had left me
To this mans charity for my liberty,
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:
For after my enlargment, cherishing
The good he did, he made me master of
His onely daughter, and his whole estate:
Great ties of thankfulnesse I must acknowledge,
Could any one freed by you, presse this further
But yet consider, my most honourd Lords,
If to receiue a fauour, make a seruant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him that giues,
Ther's none but slaues will receiue courtesie.
Since they must fetter vs to our dishonours.
Can it be cal'd magnificence in a Prince,
To powre downe riches, with a liberall hand,
Vpon a poore mans wants, if that must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he sau'd my hand,

Presume my head and heart are at his seruice?
Or did I stand ingag'd to buy my freedome
(When my captiuity was honourable)
By making my selfe here and fame hereafter,
Bondslaues to mens scorne and calumnious tongues?
Had his faire daughters mind bin like her feature,
Or for some little blemish I had sought
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others
My body and her dowry; my forhead then
Deseru'd the brand of base ingratitude:
But if obsequious vsage, and faire warning
To keepe her worth my loue, could preserue her
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me?
What should I doe? let any freeborne spirit
Determine truly, if that thankfulnesse,
Choise forme with the whole world giuen for a dowry,
Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,
As with a willing necke to vndergoe
The insupportable yoake of slaue or wittoll.

Charmi. What proofe haue you she did play false, besides your oath?

Cha. Her owne confession to her father.
I aske him for a witnesse.

Roch. 'Tis most true.
I would not willingly blend my last words
With an vntruth.

Cha. And then to cleere my selfe,
That his great wealth was not the marke I shot at,
But that I held it, when faire *Beaumelle*
Fell from her vertue, like the fatall gold
Which *Brennus* tooke from *Delphos*, whose possession
Brought with it ruine to himselfe and Army.
Heer's one in Court, *Baumont*, by whom I sent
All graunts and writings backe, which made it mine,
Before his daughter dy'd by his owne sentence,
As freely as vnask'd he gaue it to me.

Bau. They are here to be seene.

Charmi.

Charmi. Open the casket.
Peruſe that deed of gift.
Rom. Halfe of the danger
Already is diſcharg'd: the other part
As brauely, and you are not onely free,
But crownd with praiſe for euer.
Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.
Charmi. Your ſtate, my Lord, againe is yours.
Roch. Not mine,
Iam not of the world, if it can proſper,
(And yet being iuſtly got, Ile not examine
Why it ſhould be ſo fatall) doe you beſtow it
On pious vſes. Ile goe ſeeke a graue.
And yet for proofe, I die in peace, your pardon
I aske, and as you grant it me, may Heauen
Your conſcience, and theſe Iudges free you from
What you are charg'd with. So farewell for euer. *Exit Roch.*
Nouall ſe. Ile be mine owne guide. Paſſion, nor example
Shall be my leaders. I haue loſt a ſonne,
A ſonne, graue Iudges, I require his blood
From his accurſed homicide.
Charmi. What reply you
In your defence for this?
Cha. I but attended
Your Lordſhips pleaſure. For the fact, as of
The former, I confeſſe it, but with what
Baſe wrongs I was vnwillingly drawne to it;
To my few words there are ſome other proofes
To witneſſe this for truth, when I was married:
For there I muſt begin. The ſlayne *Nouall*
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtſhip,
A moſt deuoted ſeruant, but yet aym'd at
Nothing but meanes to quench his wanton heate,
His heart being neuer warm'd by lawfull fires
As mine was (Lords:) and though on theſe preſumptions,
Ioyn'd to the hate betweene his houſe and mine,
I might with opportunity and caſe

Haue found a way for my reuenge, I did not;
But still he had the freedome as before
When all was mine, and told that he abus'd it
With some vnseemely licence, by my friend
My appou'd friend *Romont*, I gaue no credit
To the reporter, but reprou'd him for it
As one vncourtly and malicious to him.
What could I more, my Lords? yet after this
He did continue in his first pursute
Hoter then euer, and at length obtaind it;
But how it came to my most certaine kowledge,
For the dignity of the court and my owne honour
I dare not say.

Nou.se. If all may be beleeu'd
A passionate prisoner speakes, who is so foolish
That durst be wicked, that will appeare guilty?
No, my graue Lords: in his impunity
But giue example vnto ielous men
To cut the throats they hate, and they will neuer
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.

Charmi. You must finde other proofes to strengthen these
But more presumptions.

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
Allow your innocence.

Cha. All your attempts
Shall fall on me, like brittle shafts on armor,
That breake themselues; or like waues against a rocke,
That leaue no signe of their ridiculous fury
But fome and splinters, my innocence like these
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serue
But for a trumpet; to proclaime my conquest
Nor shall you, though you doe the worst fate can,
How ere condemne, affright an honest man.

Rom. May it please the Court, I may be heard.

Nou.se. You come not
To raile againe? but doe, you shall not finde,
Another *Rochfort*.

Rom.

Rom. In *Nouall* I cannot.
But I come furnished with what will stop
The mouth of his conspiracy against the life
Of innocent *Charaloys*. Doe you know this Character?

Nou.se. Yes, 'tis my sonnes.

Rom. May it please your Lordships, reade it,
And you shall finde there, with what vehemency
He did sollicite *Beaumelle*, how he had got
A promise from her to inioy his wishes,
How after he abiur'd her company,
And yet, but that 'tis fit I spare the dead,
Like a damnd villaine, assoone as recorded,
He brake that oath, to make this manifest.
Produce his bands and hers.

Enter Aymer, Florimell, Bellapert.

Charmi. Haue they tooke their oathes?

Rom. They haue; and rather then indure the racke,
Confesse the time, the meeting, nay the act;
What would you more? onely this matron made
A free discouery to a good end;
And therefore I sue to the Court, she may not
Be plac'd in the blacke list of the delinquents.

Pont. I see by this, *Nouals* reuenge needs me,
And I shall doe.

Charmi. 'Tis euident.

Nou.se. That I
Till now was neuer wretched, here's no place
To curse him or my stars. *Exit Nouall senior.*

Charmi. Lord *Charaloys*,
The iniuries you haue sustain'd, appeare
So worthy of the mercy of the Court,
That notwithstanding you haue gone beyond
The letter of the Law, they yet acquit you.

Pont. But in *Nouall*, I doe condemne him thus.

Cha. I am slayne.

Rom. Can I looke on? Oh murderous wretch,
Thy challenge now I answere. So die with him.

Charmi.

Charmi. A guard: disarme him.
Rom. I yeeld vp my sword
Vnforc'd. Oh *Charaloys.*
Cha. For shame, *Romont,*
Mourne not for him that dies as he hath liu'd;
Still constant and vnmou'd: what's falne vpon me,
Is by Heauens will, because I made my selfe
A Iudge in my owne cause without their warrant:
But he that lets me know thus much in death,
With all good men forgiue mee.
Pont. I receiue the vengeance, which my loue
Not built on vertue, has made me worthy, worthy of.
Charmi. We are taught
By this sad president, how iust soeuer
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We are yet to leaue them to their will and power,
That to that purpose haue authority.
For you, *Romont,* although in your excuse
You may plead, what you did, was in reuenge
Of the dishonour done vnto the Court:
Yet since from vs you had not warrant for it,
We banish you the State: for these, they shall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Be set free, or suffer punishment. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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